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GREAT
FASHION

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BEST-KEPT FACES

THE BEAUTIFUL
PEOPLE
AND THE FASHION
FOR CAFTANS

WHAT YOUR LEGS
REVEAL ABOUT YOU

Max Factor turns on the lights!



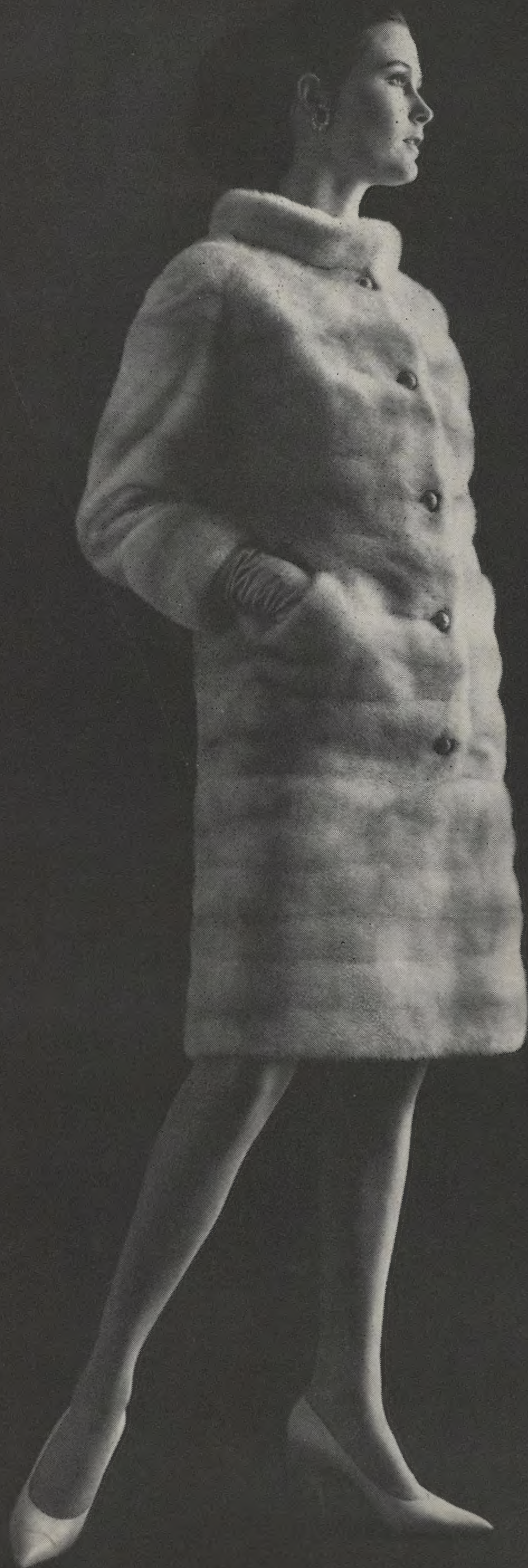
Suddenly faces go brighter with
'UltraLucent highlight'...a transparent
make-up accent that reflects light
wherever you want to glow!

It's like liquid light! A soft iridescence that highlights your best features...lightens shadows until they seem to disappear...even softens tiny lines in the warmth of its glow. Touch it to your cheekbones...nose...chin. Slip it over make-up or wear alone. Go on...turn it on...now. You'll never see yourself in a better light.



New 'UltraLucent highlight' by Max Factor

Light-reflective make-up accent from the luxurious UltraLucent Collection



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NEW YORK 10001

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Virginia Thoren-Rice

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AVEDON

COVER: The dress that makes its own glorious fireworks—all over paillettes in pink, blue, and green, with a high turtleneck and armholes cut way in on the shoulders. Worn with big pailletted globes at the ears . . . and new glisten on the lips: pale pearly Lavender slicked over Violet Vamp. Both lipsticks, Cremesticks by Coty. Dress by Eloise Curtis for David Styne. In junior sizes. About \$210. Earrings by Mimi di N. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Gidding-Jenny; Godchaux's; Sakowitz. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.

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Ducharme rayon matelassé with a subtle metallic sheen.

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Create an aura of loveliness
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that comes on so gently
you can wear it anywhere...at
any hour! But beware...
Desert Flower has the power
to stir up excitement!
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elegant spray essence 2½ oz. 3.00

DESERT FLOWER
by SHULTON





Foreground: 1966 Hardtop Sedan de Ville. Background: 1964 De Ville Convertible.

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New breed of not-quite-lipstick lipsticks
that write off the merest hint of glossy tint
— and leave no stain behind!

The look is so *nouveau*, you'll love it or leave it—there's no inbetween!
In the tube, you'd swear it's *lipstick*. But on your mouth, it's something lusher—
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Blush of Coral/Blush of Orange/Blush of Mauve



Bathing suit, Catalina



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Be confident. Never let anything hold you back, certainly not monthly problems. Tampax tampons give you back the freedom you've been missing. This modern sanitary protection is the choice of millions.

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tampons

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Gown, Priscilla





Peruvian Brown in Corfam®

Newton Elkin brings to light the subtle excitement of brown. Not just any brown, but rich, earthy, antiqued Peruvian brown. You'll also discover in this shoe the joys of wearing CORFAM®; Du Pont's new shoe upper material. CORFAM is softer. Lighter. Shape-retaining. Easy care, wipe-and-wear. It repels water. Resists weather. And, it breathes.

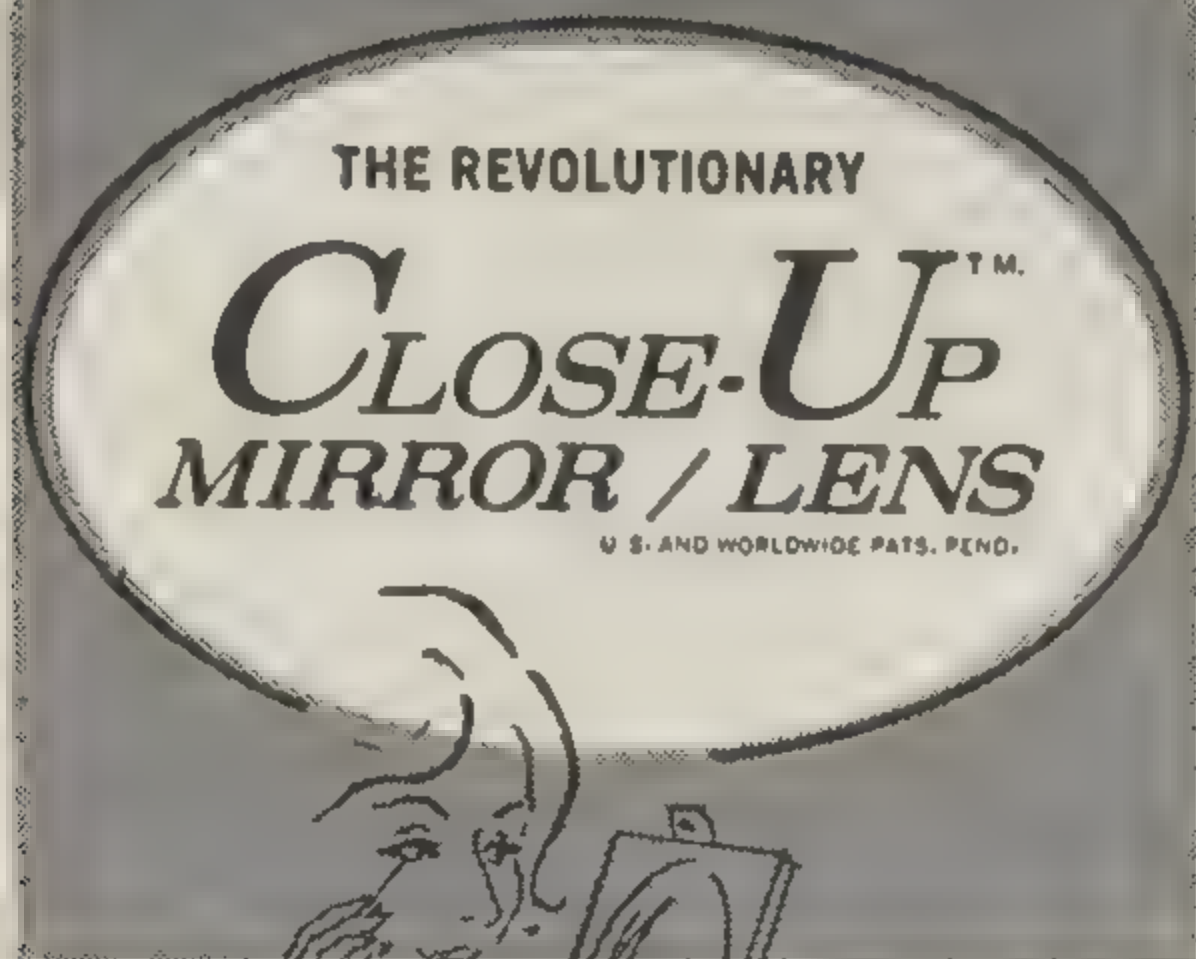
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Newton Elkin's Peruvian Brown pump, in textured and shining CORFAM, about \$32.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Hudson's, Detroit; Sakowitz, Houston; Robinson's, California.

From Hollywood...



The amazing MIRROR/LENS that opens a 'new world' for farsighted people who wear glasses — and those who should!

The CLOSE-UP MIRROR/LENS was evolved by Nan Grey Laine to aid the make-up problem that is common to millions of women... how to *really* see one's face *clearly* to put on cosmetics without wearing glasses.

Miss Grey, wife of noted entertainer FRANKIE LAINE, became aware that thousands of women were experiencing difficulties... eyebrows shaped badly, eye-shadow and eye-makeup askew, foundations and rouge applied too heavily, and false eyelashes practically an impossibility.

Magnifying mirrors didn't help — they only made a larger, blurry image. The same thing proved true when 'magnifiers' were used — *it was virtually impossible* to go through the contortions required, and see a *really clear* enlarged image of the face!

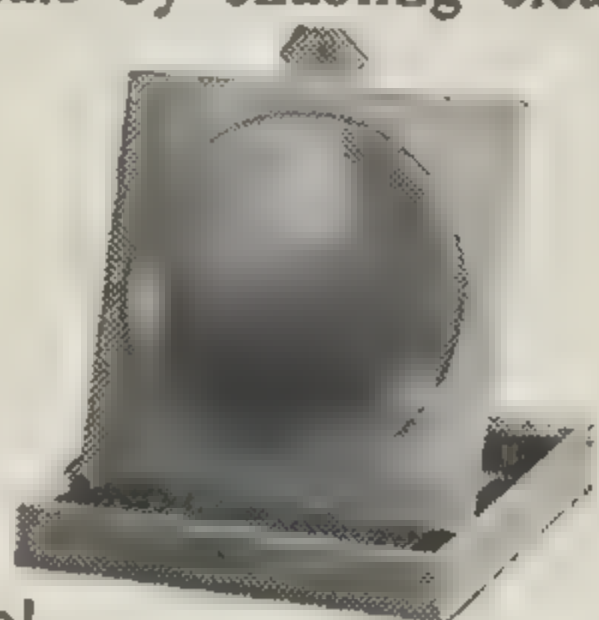
Utilizing a motion picture principle, Miss Grey set about to solve the problem. Four years were spent in research, but now it is a reality!

Because of its revolutionary patent-pending principle it is necessary that 2 strengths be available...

Plus 1—Most efficacious with persons needing minor corrections.

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The fashion under the fashion

The girdle with stocking connections



PENATI

Good news for short skirts: this little pale-beige pantie girdle and these super-long stockings of pale-beige spandex fishnet are one piece of fashion—joined forever to make a long, unbroken line of leg all the way. No garters to bump under knits and jerseys. No gapping at the back of the ankle or anywhere else—that's what a little spandex will do in the way of clinging around curves. By Jantzen, of spandex and Ban-Lon nylon. \$10. Saks Fifth Avenue in mid-August. Coiffure: Hugh Harrison, Coiffures Americana.



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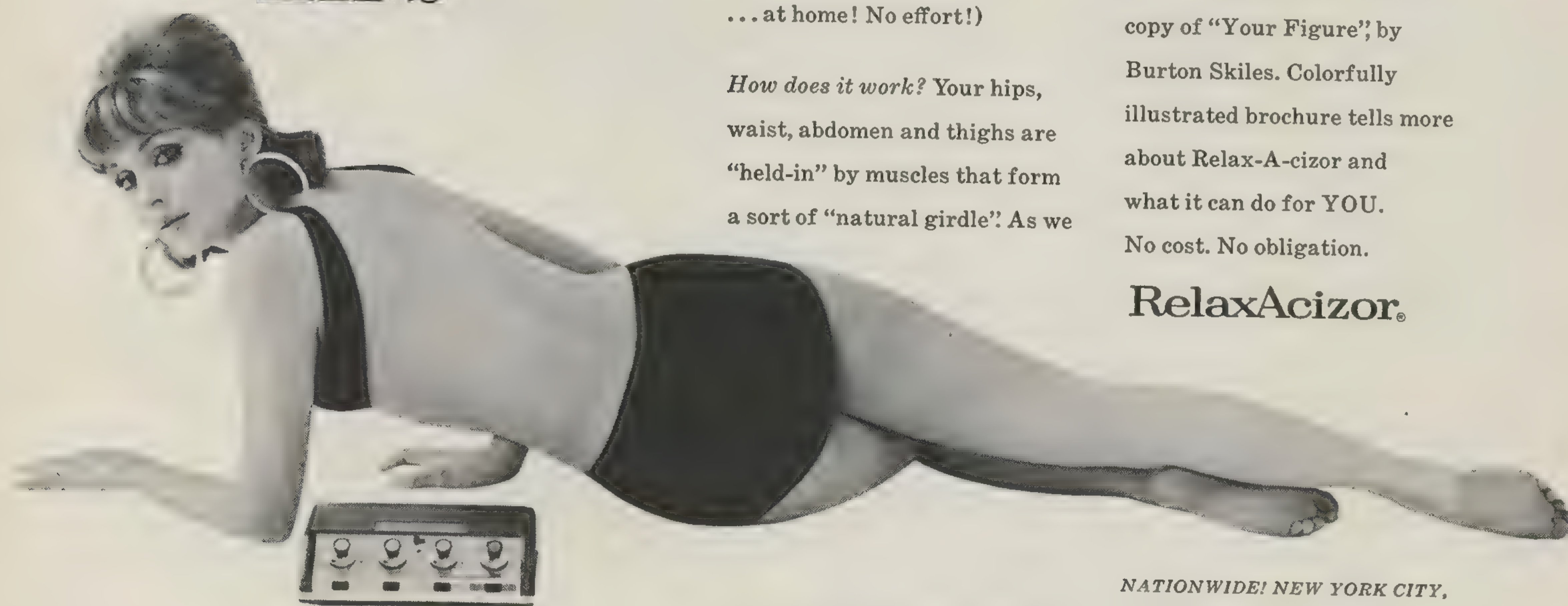
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What Relax-A-cizor does... for your HIPS



What can Relax-A-cizor do for YOU? Well, take a look at your figure. If you're a little on the "hippy" side, if your waistline, tummy and thighs need the control of a tight girdle to stay in line — then Relax-A-cizor's for you. Why? *Because Relax-A-cizor reduces the size of these figure areas.*

(Does it while you REST
... at home! No effort!)

How does it work? Your hips, waist, abdomen and thighs are "held-in" by muscles that form a sort of "natural girdle". As we

grow older and exercise less, this girdle "stretches out of shape". Relax-A-cizor's effortless beauty exercise tones these muscles — causing this "natural girdle" to hold-you-in more.

It's as simple as that!

■ NO WEIGHT LOSS!

Not weight loss ... it's effortless muscle-toning that does it!

Many women lack good muscle

tone because they don't get enough exercise. Relax-A-cizor, while you rest, gives effortless, concentrated exercise to such figure areas as hips, waistline, abdomen and thighs. Regular use causes measurable size loss of these areas to the extent these muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. And the less the muscle tone the greater the degree of size reduction.

■ **FREE!** Send for your FREE copy of "Your Figure", by Burton Skiles. Colorfully illustrated brochure tells more about Relax-A-cizor and what it can do for YOU. No cost. No obligation.

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cost. No obligation.

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☐ I am under 18. ☐ I am over 18.

☐ I am also interested in a selling
career with Relax-A-cizor.

607

Offices in: Canada, London, Mexico City, Hong Kong

After the shower, take a shower.

4711 makes your skin tingle in a very pleasant way. It's like a cooling rain after a hot spell. Splash it on after a bath or shower. Or any time you need a lift. After a frantic morning of shopping. During a letdown in the afternoon. Before you go out in the evening. Any time.

You see, 4711 is the refreshant cologne. It's quite different from the perfumed kinds. It has a lovely subtle scent that recedes quietly and discreetly into the background. While the fresh, invigorating feeling on your skin lingers on and on.

4711 is made quite differently, too. A Carthusian monk gave us the formula back in 1792, and it's been a well-guarded secret ever since. (Without giving away too much we can tell you that it's mellowed for many months in oak casks. Like rare vintage wine.)


So next time you step out of a shower, or out of some tight spot, try 4711. Dab it on your neckline, shoulders, arms. All over.

It's a wonderful way to stay cool.

The logo for 4711, featuring the number 4711 inside a stylized circular emblem.

Made, bottled and sealed in
Cologne—the city of 4711.





Watch your step
when you wear

La Perichole

Everyone else will, too.

La Perichole, part of The Peruviana Collection, by

Hudson

At finer stores everywhere. Hudson Hosiery Co. Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York

Why aren't your feet as sexy as the rest of you?



A silly question.

You have a legitimate reason for not having sexy feet. You ignore them. And you have company.

Millions of women ignore their feet.

Women who spend hours making a wisp of hair casually fall out of place won't spend two minutes on their feet. Why?

Simply because up until now, all a woman could do about unattractive feet was stare at them... hide them... forget them.

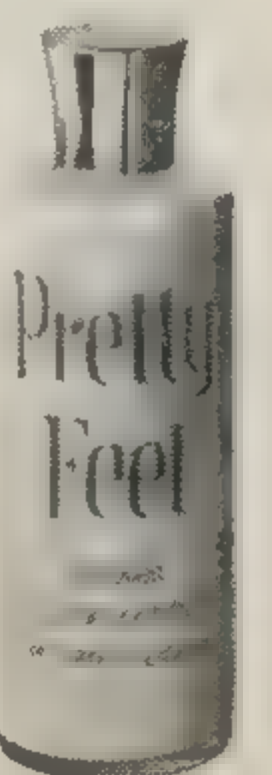
Things have changed, thank goodness. Now there's a product named, appropriately enough, Pretty Feet.

Pretty Feet is a pleasant roll-off lotion.

Pour a little on your fingers every day of the week and rub it into your feet. Then see the rough, dead skin roll right off.

Soon you'll have beautiful feet that can wear open sandals... lovely feet that won't hide in the sand at the beach... smooth feet that won't run stockings.

If you're genuinely interested in making your feet as sexy as the rest of your body, send 25c in coin to cover postage and handling for a sample bottle of Pretty Feet. Write to Pretty Feet, Dept. V5, Chemway Corp., Fairfield Road, Wayne, New Jersey.



We invented it because too many attractive women have unattractive feet.

The better way to apply and remove cosmetics.

NEW **soff^{*} puffs**

Stronger than tissues.

More absorbent than cotton.

Never a hint of lint.

Johnson & Johnson



*A TRADEMARK OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

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Another day it's Lady Pepperell Bridal Bouquet.



Change to Lady Pepperell Bridal Bouquet in pink, blue, or yellow. In 12 sizes. With matching blanket.

A lady has a right to change her bed.





Pamper
yourself!

Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with

Isn't it time you really *thrilled* to your hair color? Then visit your hairdresser. Learn how lustrous, how exciting hair coloring *can* be — with Roux. ■ It's no secret why Roux stands so high with professional colorists. Roux provides the most natural looking colors imaginable, for gray or dull hair. The most exquisite pastel toning colors, for bleached hair. Roux pampers your hair, gives it a luminous glow, a silky-soft feel. It makes your hair color more exciting, so helps you *feel* more exciting. ■ So if you've tired of the ordinary, go see your hairdresser. It's worth it!

Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

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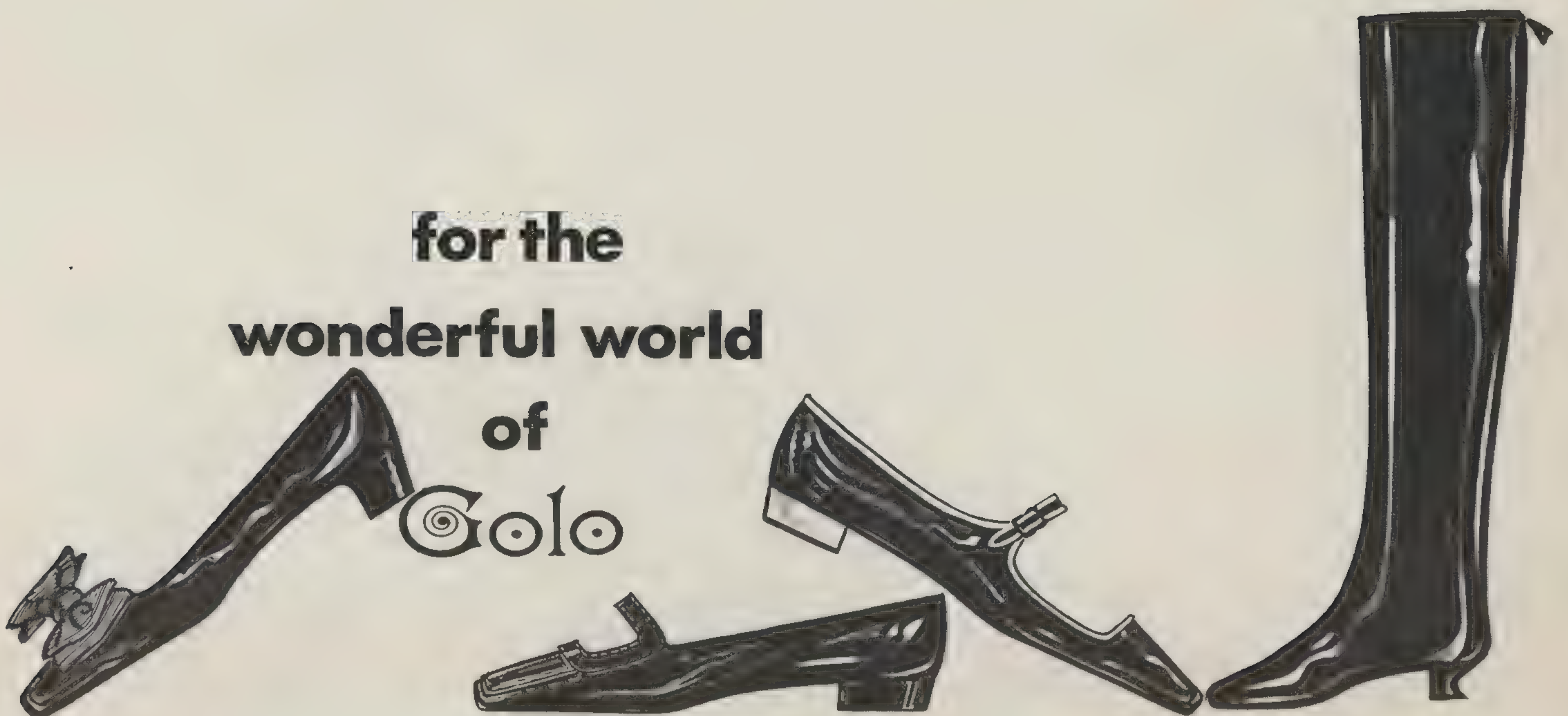
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You don't have to go to Machu Picchu

**for the
wonderful world
of**
Golo



See them at Marshall Field and other fine stores



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Want him to be more of a man?
Try being more of a woman.

for the woman who knows. EMERAUDE parfum de COTY





I WAS A CURLY-HAIRED baby. BUT baby look AT ME NOW!

You've never seen natural curls go "way-out" like this! Now, they waltz right out of your life with CURL FREE... the new curl relaxing discovery! A cool, creamy lotion that lets you comb natural curls right out of your hair! Your curls gently relax. Your hair stays impeccably smooth, oblivious to dampness for months! And, still boasting of that natural-born body! Even if your natural curls are so exceptionally tight they fight with a vengeance to stay—don't be discouraged. All natural curls respond to CURL FREE. Keep using it...and you too will know true hairstyling freedom.





Reptiles ascending a high altitude
in chic...here basking in warm
PERUVIAN BROWN, with the
finesse of design that is...

martinique®

From the Kenrich House of Fashion



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Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Foley's, Houston; Kaufmann, Pittsburgh; May D. F. Co., Denver.

America
lives in
DACRON



DRESS SHOWN: 70% DACRON* POLYESTER, 30% WOOL.

The peripatetic paisley: all news in zephyr-weight "Dacron" by P.F. Knits

Everything's go about this shifty knit. So light, it's virtually weightless. So packable, it's off to anywhere without a care. What makes it so plum perfect? The "Dacron" in the blend! Plum sizzled with lacquer red; matching tie belt. Sizes 10-20. About \$55. At J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta; Maas Brothers of Florida; Foley's, Houston; J. C. Clayton, Jamaica, N.Y.; Woolf Brothers, Kansas City, Mo.; Kreeger's, New Orleans; Best & Co., New York; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Chas. Livingston & Sons Inc., Youngstown. *Du Pont's reg. trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabric or fashion.

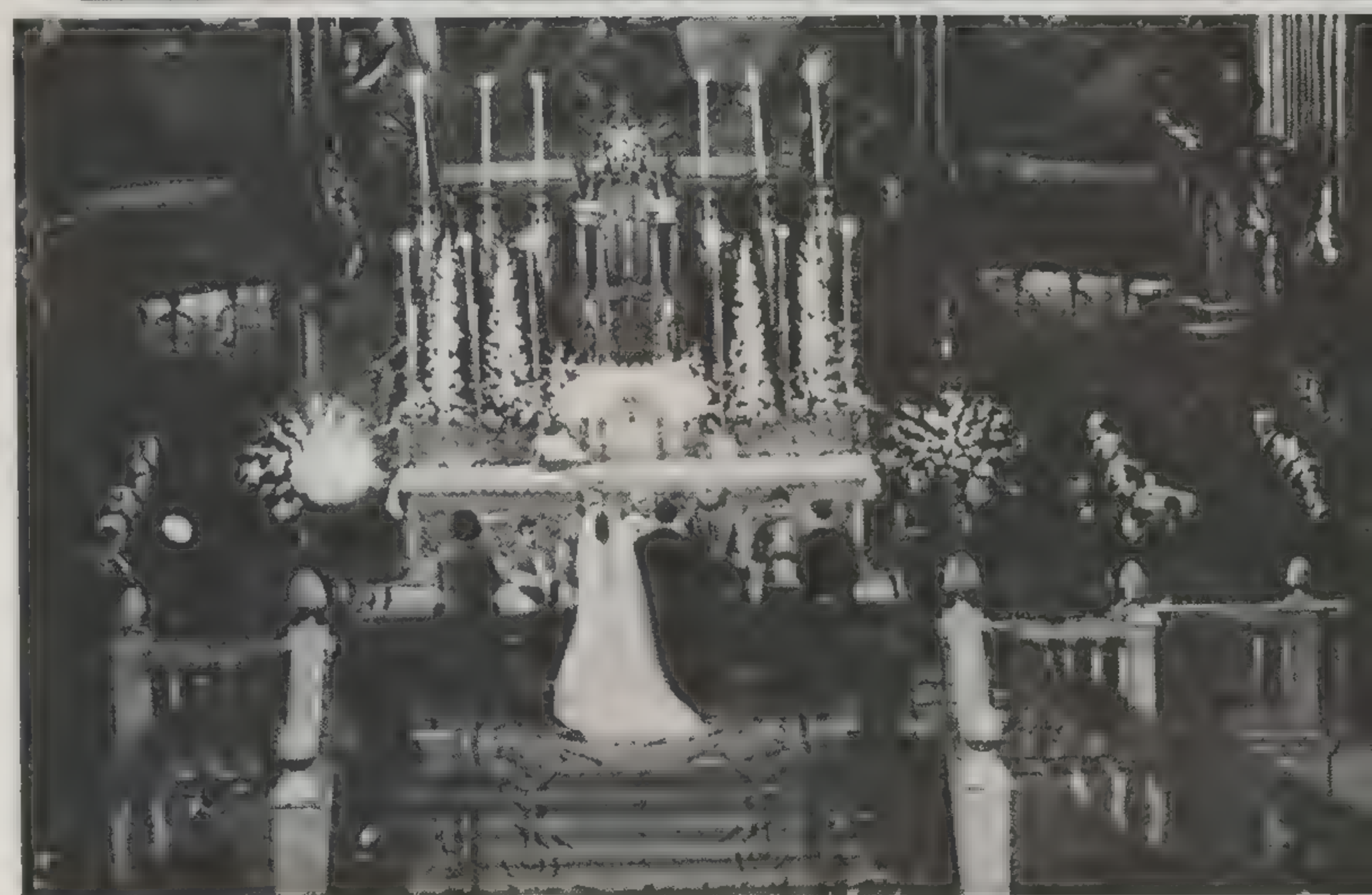


Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry

VOGUE'S

A sumptuous Spanish wedding

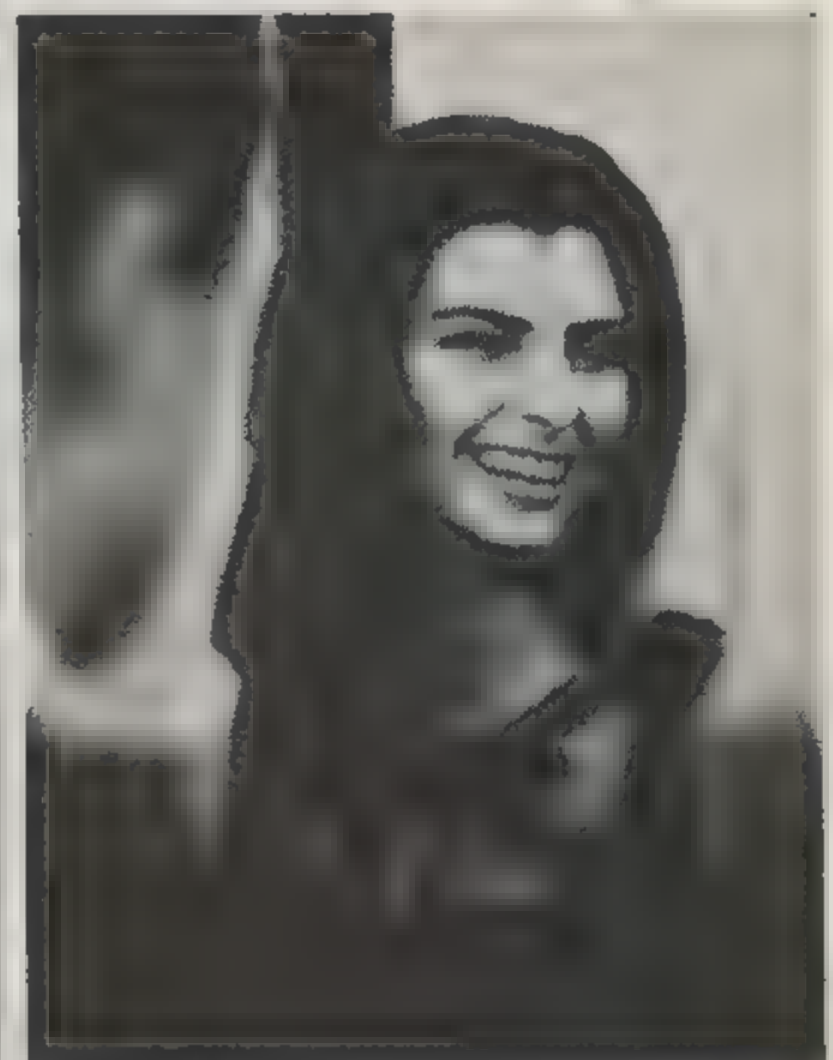
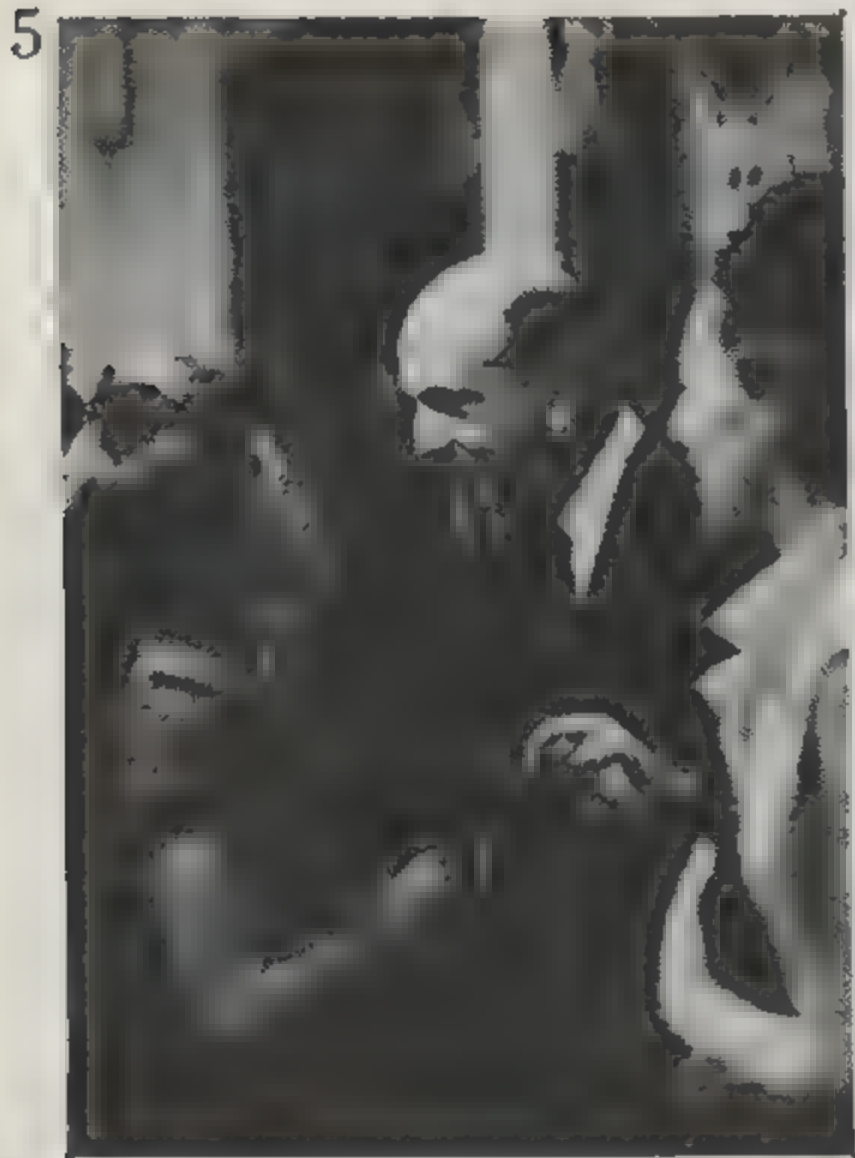
For the Madrid wedding of Casilda Fernández-Villaverde y Silva and Antonio de Eraso y Campuzano, jets of royalties, diplomats, and friends flew in from various capitals. Many came from London, where the bride's father, H. E. Marqués de Santa Cruz, is Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Gaiety caught and held through the knacky wedding-eve ball given by Duarte Pinto Coelho to the glinty reception after the ceremony in the magnificence of Santa Cruz palace, which, one Londoner wrote in a letter, "was a kaleidoscope of treasure, of tapestries, of Goyas, of naval trophies won by the first Marqués of Santa Cruz in 1569. But most admired were the bewitching, dark-eyed bride and the groom who, joyous



NOTEBOOK

and smiling, loved every minute of their own wedding."

1. The bride and groom; behind them, the Santa Cruz coat of arms. 2. The bride's mother, Marquesa de Santa Cruz, in front of a Carreño portrait of the seventh Marquesa de Santa Cruz. 3. The wedding ceremony in the Basilica of San Francisco el Grande. 4. The mother of the groom, Doña Dolores Campuzano de Eraso, with the father of the bride, H. E. Marqués de Santa Cruz. 5. Marquesa de Cortina; H. M. Umberto, former King of Italy; Marquesa de Llanzol. 6. H. H. Prince Metternich; Conde de la Union; Duquesa de Medinaceli. 7. At the ball: H.M. Simeon, former King of Bulgaria with, left, H.M. Queen Margarita; Señor Duarte Pinto Coelho. 8. Duquesa de Arion. 9. Señorita Casilda Ussia. 10. Marquesa de Belvis. 11. Señora Luis Miguel Dominguin.

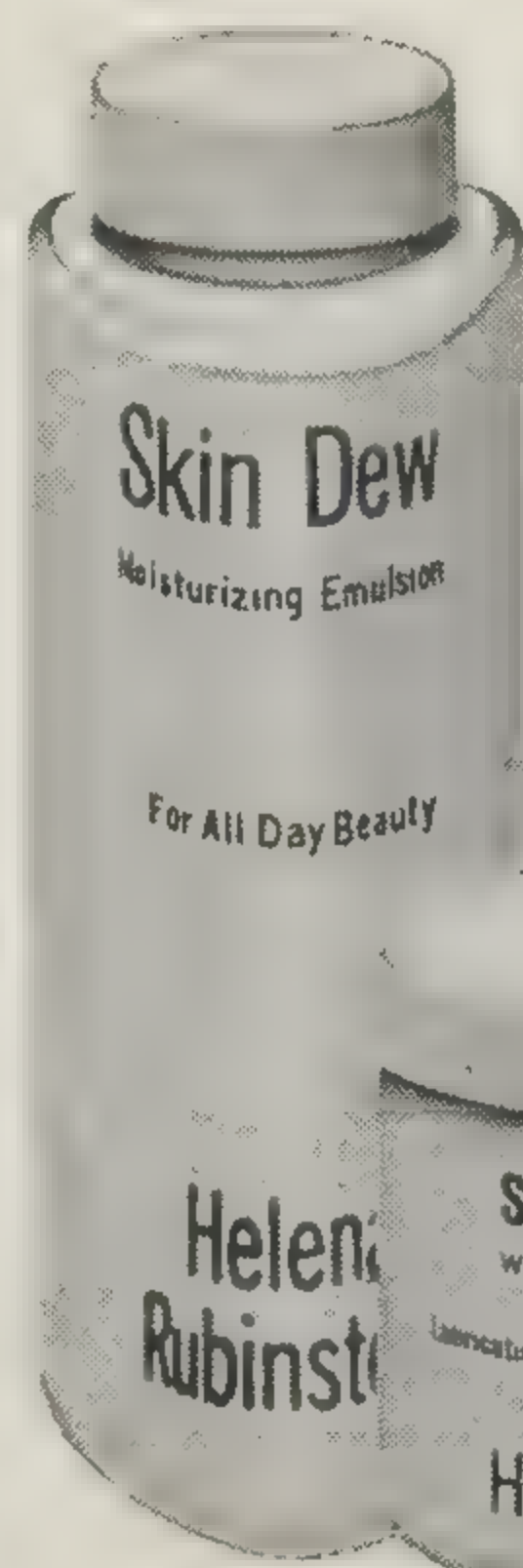


Don't let the sun be your undoing!

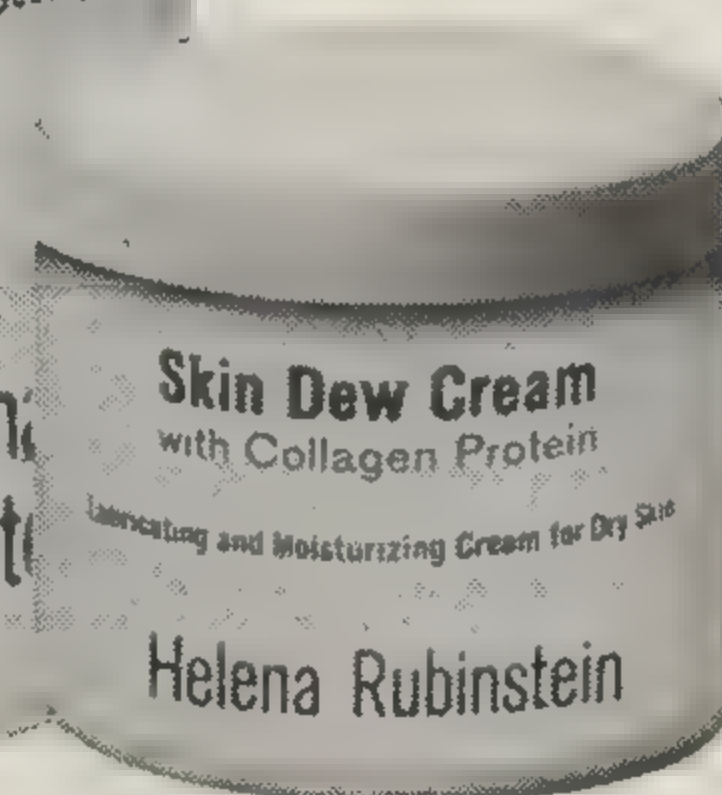


Give dry skin its dew... with day and night moisture

(you have nothing to lose but dryness and its telltale lines!)



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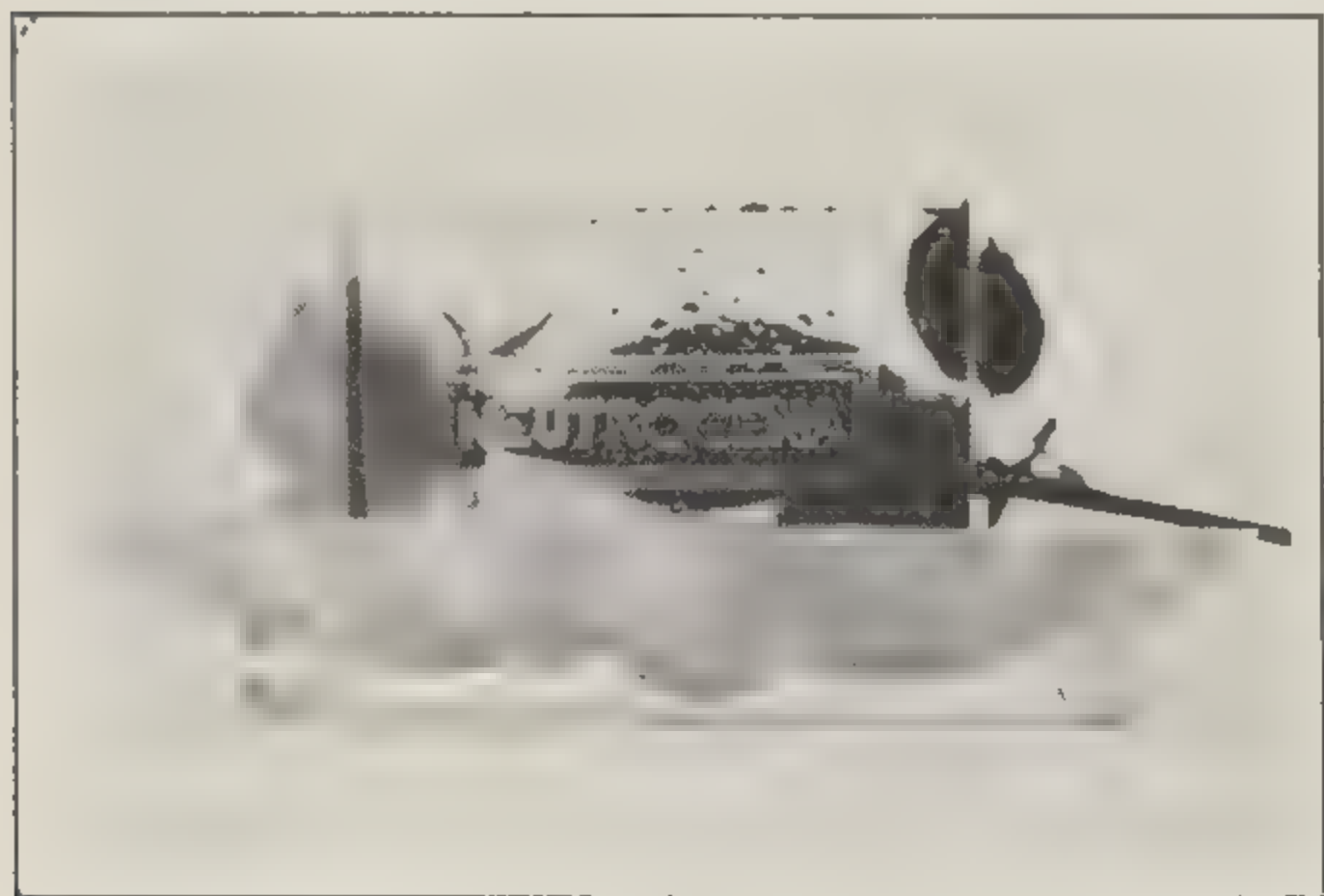
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 The Soft Soap for Soft Skin

VOGUE'S
 NOTEBOOK: **THEATRE**

By ANTHONY WEST

Mame, "astonishing performance

by Frankie Michaels"

One of the more absolute divisions in life is between those who enjoy the works of Patrick Dennis and those who do not. For the latter group it will be enough to say that *Mame* is the musical celebration of the tenth birthday of Dennis's *Auntie Mame*. They will probably feel that after the novel, the play, and the film, they know every step of this particular square dance. They will be right. But so will those who know what they like and do not care how often they get it; they will find their old friend Auntie Mame as funny as she ever was, and loving her, they will love Jerry Herman's music and lyrics which have been extremely skillfully written to sound like the oldest of old friends.

The two surprises of the show are the successes of the extremely effective comic partnership between Angela Lansbury and Beatrice Arthur, and the astonishing performance by Frankie Michaels as the infant Patrick Dennis. Between them the two ladies repeatedly perform the miracle, it is nothing less, of making the obvious, heavy-handed, and excessively familiar book—the pastiche of a pastiche—seem light, fresh, and genuinely funny, but much as they do for the show it is as nothing compared to the first-act contribution of Master Michaels.

This slightly overweight ten-year-old TV star should be a monster of artificiality and all that, but as he sings his numbers with Miss Lansbury, dances a superb tango with her, and leads the male chorus through a complicated routine, he manages to give the impression that he is just a very nice kid who happens to be having a very good time, and who is without any kind of affectation whatever.

His easy charm and abundant good nature light up the first act, and, to tell the truth, he does things for the show that even the endearing Miss Lansbury can't surpass. The whole company has to fight hard to make up for his absence in the first part of act two, and they only just make it.

How Master Michaels's performance will stand up to the ardours of a long run it is impossible to predict, but he has made a memorable impression with the style and polish of his beginning. Another pleasant aspect of the show is the performance of a bit player, Miss Diane Coupe, who has very little to say or to do, but who none the less manages to suggest that the grown-up Patrick Dennis really did find the right girl in the end, and had a better-than-average chance of living happily ever after. How it is done one doesn't know, but she contributes something to the show, which is, more than most, created on stage out of very little by its accomplished and unusually attractive cast.

Ivanov, "ambition to be a scoundrel"

Although full of virtue, John Gielgud's intelligent attack on the difficult early Chekhov play *Ivanov* was not, unhappily, well received. It is about the dilemma of a man who has the ambition to be a scoundrel, but who lacks the will to carry it off, and who consequently must loathe himself. The play presents his agony as a form of distress to be sympathized with like any other, and requires anyone acting the lead to put inadequacy in a sympathetic light. Gielgud's reading of the part was masterly, and it was brilliantly supported by Vivien Leigh and a beautifully balanced cast.

By ALBERT GOLDMAN

In My Father's Court, "a magic door"

When Isaac Bashevis Singer, the noted Yiddish novelist, was a little boy with a black velvet skullcap and delicate auburn forelocks, he loved to peep out from behind his father's chair while his father held a Beth Din, or Rabbinical court, in their rooms at No. 10 Krochmalna Street in Warsaw. The rabbi's sequestered study—lined with thumbled volumes of the Talmud and Kabala—had a magic door that year-in, year-out opened to admit mysterious strangers with terrifying, absurd, sometimes weird, problems. Here was a ragged old Jew with icicles hanging from his beard, asking, "Rabbi, may a man sleep with his dead wife?" A hysterical housewife with a goose tucked under either arm: "Dear Rabbi, the geese were slaughtered properly . . . but the geese keep shrieking in such a sorrowful voice. . . ." An extraordinarily learned, Germanized Jew, introduced as a "Prince of the Torah," driven out of the house like a devil when he tries to "sell . . . his share in the hereafter for a hundred rubles." A collection of vivid scenes from childhood, *In My Father's Court* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), published in Yiddish as *Beth Din*, abounds in characters and situations that might have been swept up from the pages of Singer's novels and tales. The incidents reflect the ordinary life of the ghetto—its harshness, coarseness, superstitiousness, even its criminality. But to this isolated, mystically inclined, always intensely curious child, hungry to see the door open on still another miraculous visitor, each intrusion of the "world" assumed the aura of a demonic, supernatural apparition.

Not the least fascination of this book is the introduction it provides to Singer's other self, Isaac Warshawsky, writer of genre pieces for the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Hitherto, Singer has refused to permit translation of any but his most fully elaborated, artistically autonomous works, which he signs "Isaac Bashevis Singer" (perhaps as a token of identification with his mother, Bathsheba, from whom he derived the skeptical, rationalistic strain in his complex nature). The English version of *Beth Din* brings together the two Singers—the formal and the familiar. Obliterating the demarcation between Gentile and Jewish readers, Singer is moving toward the recognition of a unified world that no longer needs to be met with different languages and different personae. *In My Father's Court* is a discreet sign that a great writer has now fully accepted himself—and us.

Here Is Your Enemy, "novel task"

Among a torrent of books about Vietnam, *Here Is Your Enemy* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) by John Cameron—the only Western newsman allowed inside North Vietnam—takes on the novel task of drawing human features on the blank countenance of our Oriental enemy. What this book actually describes is not so much the enemy as our mutual failures of perception. Cameron reports that the Vietnamese never doubted that the self-immolation of an American in front of the Pentagon would produce an abrupt withdrawal of public support for the war.

Yet, in a land where every man and woman carries a rifle to shoot at cruising American bombers, the downing of a plane is cause for ritualistic exultation: The hunters proudly bear the mighty beast—in the shape of a mangled engine—back to the village for a celebration of the "communal triumph of the weak over the strong." Thus two camps of believers wage war ignorant that each is proof against the other's most potent magic.

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By ANN BIRSTEIN

The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming, "wildly funny sight gags"

It's a typical American family having a last day in the usual damp, rented summer house by the sea. Mother (Eva Marie Saint) is feeding her little boy breakfast, the suitcases are already out on the porch, and Daddy (Carl Reiner) is still stuck in the second act of his play. There is only one small difference. A few hundred yards off, a Russian submarine sits stuck on a sandbar, and now nine inept, desperately polite Russian seamen are trying to steal a motorboat to tow them off.

The result of this unlikely international collision is a very funny movie, *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming*, made even funnier by the presence of Alan Arkin who, as leader of the Soviet landing party, comes complete with pea jacket, moustache, and the most incredible accent since Danny Kaye. "You help us get out quickly," he advises Reiner with an agonized twitch of a smile. "Otherwise there is World War III and everybody is blaming *you!*" He is assisted by a very handsome and talented sidekick, John Phillip Law, and opposed by such less beautiful but no less comic inhabitants of Gloucester Island as Paul Ford, Doro Merande, Brian Keith, and Jonathan Winters. (Even the boy, Sheldon Golomb, is a pro.) Not that there aren't tedious moments, and a few too many celebrations of international brotherhood, but these are offset by a series of wildly funny sight gags which, thanks to the director, Norman Jewison, succeed each other rapidly and involve among others the town drunk, Ben Blue, trying to saddle his horse, and Doro Merande, the postmistress, trussed up on a wall while her deaf old father eats his breakfast below. And then there is the unforgettable view of the Gloucester Airport which, after all the hysterical alarms that the Russians have captured it, turns out to contain two lopsided Piper Cubs, an administration building the size of a chicken coop, and a friendly guy named Stanley with a running nose.

Lady L, "a lusty Corsican"

Here the joke is on the British, and no doubt admirers of the Romain Gary novel will be incensed by the liberties Peter Ustinov takes with *Lady L* in order to perpetrate it. These include turning the whole thing into a farce (which it was close to, anyway) and substituting for a neurasthenic grande dame with an unlikely past a lusty Corsican "Lady L" in the person of Sophia Loren. Her anarchist lover, Armand, no longer so dashing, is played by Paul Newman as a kind of boyish incompetent, and the Duke is that genius of debonair, David Niven, who lives in a daydream of opulence, with carelessly stacked Rembrandts and an ancestral home so vast he has to be directed to his own Wellington Room.

But this time the joke peters out too soon, and the farce even dissipates to the point where Armand, far from suffering a macabre end, turns out to have been Lady L's chauffeur for years, and Lady L turns out to be not really Lady L—which seems to bring us back to the original objections. In spite of the celebrated cast and elaborate production, the pleasures of the picture are only occasional: an amusing shot of a circle of *filles de joie* knitting dreamily through a piano recital; a funny crack, "No, there's nothing in the *Times*. But that is their way of being extremely complimentary." There is a good minor performance by Jean Wiener as the frequently bombed-out Polish pianist. Not least, there is actor Ustinov who, as the addled Prince Otto, steals the picture from the Ustinovs who wrote and directed it.



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A suit of many textures, combined with great originality by Justin McCarty to wear as you jet across the Atlantic, or to cheer on the team this Fall. Pure worsted wool . . . a fascinating tweed surprisingly faced with compatible tattersall checks. The top-per, a rib knit wool pullover. Grey/beige, brown/blue, green/pink, camel/grey. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$70.

Kilpatrick's

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

July

On growing (or buying) hair for the next Seville Feria

Although this past spring's Feria in Seville was what you could call "reported in depth" (Mrs. John F. Kennedy's visit did nothing to diminish its newsworthiness), a few unpublished details might have bearing on next year's Feria, if you're planning to make that scene. For riding at the Feria, there's a standard costume. Over a ruffled shirt, a waist-length jacket; Mrs. Kennedy wore red velvet; the Condesa de Romanones, green; the Duquesa de Alba, grey. Pants cut straight to mid-calf length. High boots. . . . And here's what *not* to do, according to an American observer who has been participating for years. "Clothes for Feria tricky. One can pick out immediately the newcomers who put on too many ornaments or make the awful mistake of attaching a carnation to the *sombrero ancho* or whose leather chaps do not look old or whose boots are too new. Or those who forget that a silk band must be tied around the waist even if it is almost entirely covered by the chaps and the jacket. If it's not there, the costume is not right." Mrs. Kennedy, the same observer went on to observe, was right in every detail, including her long, loose hair, of which our reporter had never before seen so much concentrated at one festival. "Everyone seemed to want hair swinging down the back. There were quantities of glamorous foreign blondes—Germans, Swedes, Italians—with switches of long hair hanging down the back, over the shoulders, usually pulled up at the side of the head." For riding in their *sombreros anchos*, they catch the hair at the back with elastic or ribbon. "We all have short wigs but for us Feria girls, as far as hair is concerned right now, it's grow-grow-grow."

A speedy re-entry

You may have encountered it. It made a smashing debut in London four years ago. Moved on to the Continent, then to Australia and South Africa. Came here once for a party (I. Magnin, when Princess Margaret visited). Now it's here for good—for the good of all good men. Onyx, a group of man-groomers—shave stuff, cologne, soap, talcum, deodorant—reminiscent of a citrus grove in a northern forest, if your nose can picture that. Already moving in fast U. S. company. In June, in August, and again in October, the population of Watkins Glen, N. Y., ordinarily 2,813, is swelled to as many as 45,000 by people gathered to watch the top racing drivers. This year, the fastest lap winner each month earns an Onyx Trophy, courtesy of the author of the Onyx fragrance, Lenthéric. The trophy, as well as the Onyx packaging, is green-onyx design; the October trophy, for the United States Grand Prix, will be specially sculpted by Elisabeth Frink. Racy debut. Very proper.

What's your latitude about suntan?

Where are you now . . . with your suntan? By which we mean not only: Does your diligence with pre-sun lotions and after-sun emollients continue to be such a conscientious matter that next year's freckles and cranky lineage are not getting a foothold (an armhold, a backhold, a leghold, and a handhold, too)? But *where* exactly are you? Your geographic position under the sun provides a clue to the recipe for your particular healthy give-and-take with the sun. Latitude is the key word. The amount of ultraviolet reaching the earth's surface is greatest at the Equator—and it decreases, just as the latitude increases, as one travels north or south from the Equator. Ergo, given an equally sunny day, twenty minutes of Ecuador sun might do the same work as eighty on a Swedish fjord. . . . Latitude is not the sole consideration. Smog and soot in the atmosphere are effective, if not attractive, sun-screens. Might take forty minutes on a Manhattan penthouse terrace to accomplish what half the exposure on a clear-aired Pennsylvania mountain-top at the same latitude would. . . . Sun lotions give you latitude with latitudes. Roughly, they double your safe exposure time. Properly anointed, you can get away with as much sun in low-latitude Acapulco as you can, without protection, on the coast of high-latitude Lapland. But watch it in Lapland, too. (More, page 87.)

*Secret Cover
will beautify legs*



Secret Cover, by Elizabeth Arden, new water resistant leg and body make-up. Easy to apply, quick to dry, *it stays on*. Six new white-to-suntan shades.







For sun protection: Sun Bloc, to keep you from tanning or burning. Sun Control, to let you tan as you like.

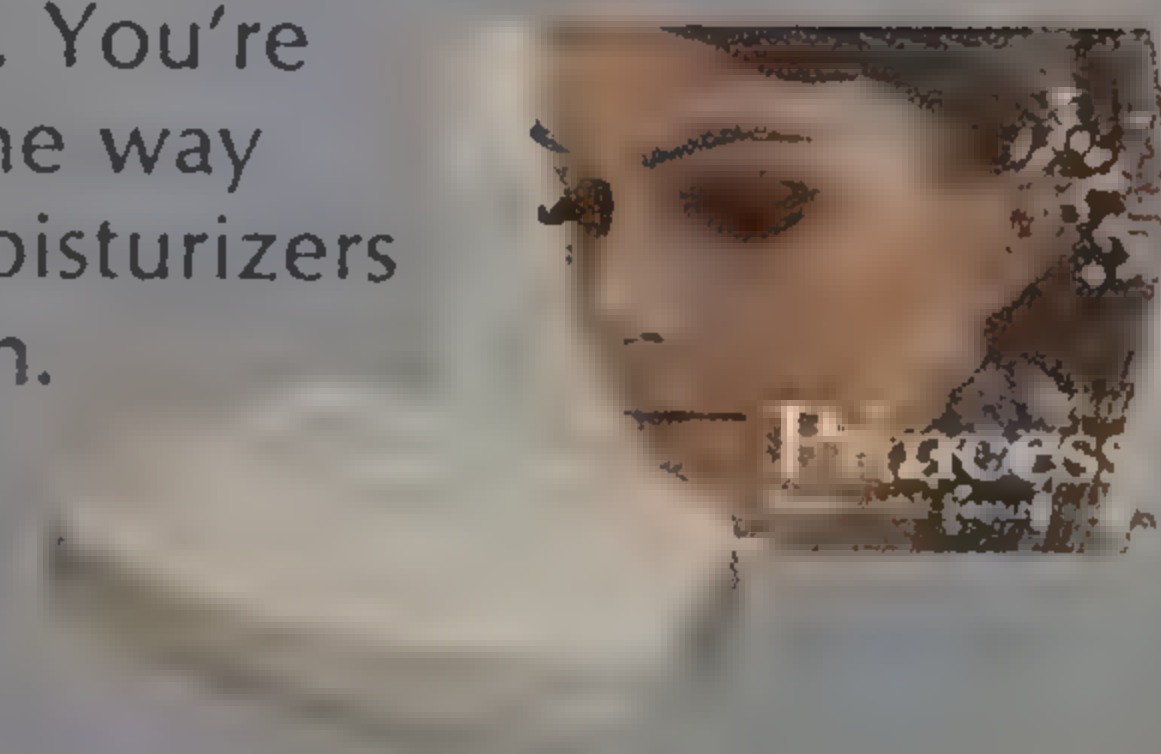


Elizabeth Arden



We'll never soft soap you.

Soft soaps just seem to melt away. But not before they make the soap dish all goopy.  Not Princess.  It's no softy. Princess is hard like those \$1.50 a bar hard-milled soaps. Maybe harder.  So Princess is a bear for wear.  And Princess is nice to have around. You're not always cleaning up after it.  In fact, the only soft thing about Princess is the way it makes your skin feel... all smooth and soft and young and slippery. (Rich moisturizers and emollients do it.)  Use Princess. And never let anybody soft soap you again.



MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



Rome: Gianni Bulgari personifies Rome today. The world-famous jeweler races at Sebring, pilots a new Ciamarchetti, travels the world.



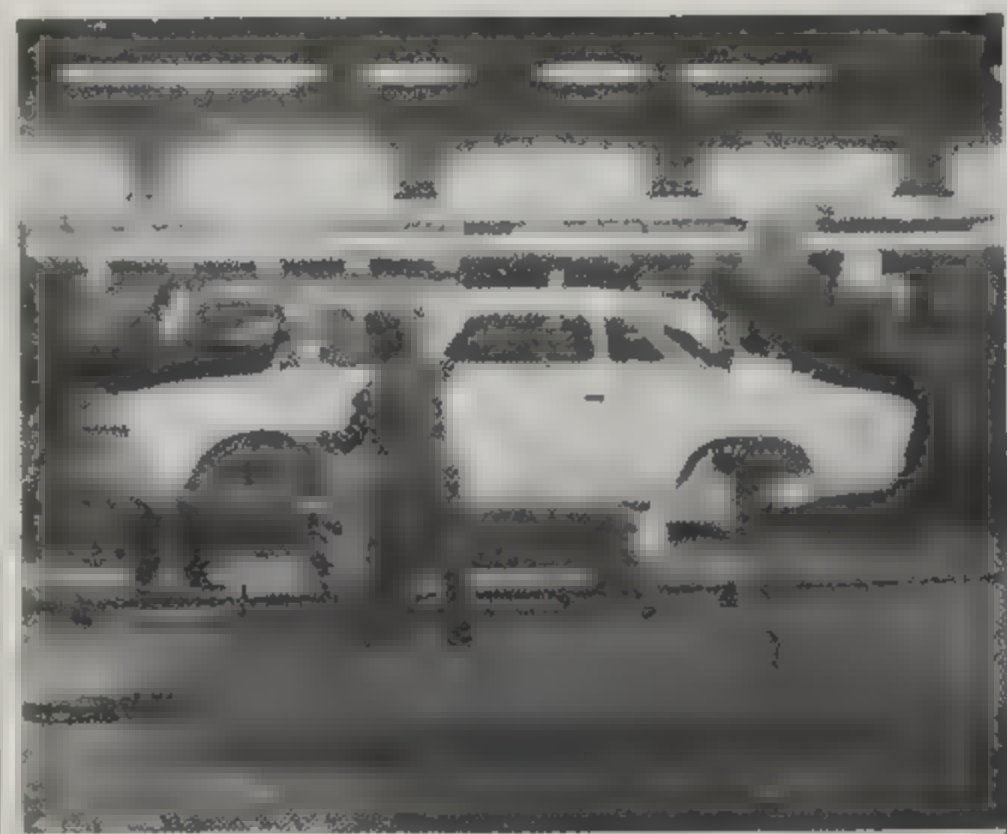
What he likes in jewellery for himself is classic, simple: the small gold and enamel cuff links (left), \$55. The moiré-texture finish 18-k. gold money

clip with foldout manicure implements, \$120. The fun comes in making magnificent toys like the solid gold sextant (left), 835,000 lire (\$1,336)—approximately ten inches diameter. Or the accurately scaled perfecto working-tools, in yellow



and white gold. From 175,000 lire (\$280) for the ruler, to 485,000 lire (\$776) for pliers. Bulgari, Via Condotti 10. . .

Italy: In Rome and Milan, Style Italian Style



ORATOR WOODWARD



Milan: Where the Alfas come from.

Even standing still, the new Alfa Romeo 1600 looks fast . . . looks great. The new Pininfarina design is a superb refinement of the ten-year-old Giulia Spider. It's sleek, low (four feet overall), with the horizontal line enhanced by clear plastic furring, low, pointed bumper. The engine incorporates features the Alfa people have learned in more than fifty years of building racing cars—twin overhead camshafts, crankcase and cylin-

der head of light alloy . . . disc brakes on all four wheels . . . five synchromesh forward gears. Top speed is 115 m.p.h. At the new Alfa Romeo factory in Arese, every car that comes off the line is tested at 140 km. for 50 minutes. Unless every element is perfect, the car is rebuilt. Only thirty-two perfect models are produced a month . . . the first ones arriving in the States now. Above: The factory—the guts of the engine; the 1600.



Rome: Look for luggage at The Whip.

William Paley chose navy canvas luggage bound in mahogany leather: sent his valet in with exact measurements for shirts, shoes. Good, too: auto case for maps, passports, in cuir de Russie. About \$45. Salita S. Sebastianello, 7/a.



Rome: Those who can,

walk in shoes by Gatto, Via Salandra, 34. Signor Gatto (above) is rather like Geppetto in *Pinocchio* and hands-down master at making shoes in which the uppers fit the foot, the soles fit the floor. Time: upwards of two weeks. Price of perfection: \$95 up. For that you get the works: a fitting from which a wooden form of each foot is made; shoes are made on the form, fitted on the foot, adjusted or re-made. Forms on the premises include Gianni Agnelli's and Stavros Niarchos's.



Rome: Amleto is the top barber—the cut looks 10 days old when you leave the shop; secret is scissor cutting the hair in clumps. Clients even fly in from Paris for a shampoo, cut, massage, and manicure at \$10, including tip for the manicurist. Telephone 659.462 a day in advance for an appointment with Amleto. Corso Rinascimento, 32.



RASTELLI



Rome: The Borghese Gardens; the Gran Premio di Roma:

the international equestrian meet. In the Tribuna Riservata, men *plus anglais que les anglais* in somber suits, homburgs; canes and shooting sticks. All around, a blaze of Roman colour: gilt, Burgundy canopy; pink azaleas; Pompeian red chairs, guarding carabinieri splendid in slate, magenta, white. . .



Underwater eye makeup. What will Fabergé think of next?

Mermaids 'round the world, rejoice! Fabergé brings you **SwimLash** — the most fabulous, most flattering, most fantastically practical false lashes ever: permanently curly, glamorously girly, wonderfully waterproof, beautifully bewitching!

To apply **SwimLash**, Fabergé also dreamed up **Magic Liner** — an absolutely, positively, terrifically waterproof eye liner so ingeniously formulated that before it dries, it's *adhesive* — you can attach false lashes to it! Of course you can wear **Magic Liner** without lashes, too — and **Magic Liner** is the *only* liner you can swim in, sleep in, shower in, laugh, cry, anything in.

Ask for **SwimLash**. Ask for **Magic Liner**. Both unique in all the world, both by that tongue-in-chic artist, the one with The Knack —

Fabergé

VOGUE's

EYE VIEW:

FASHION FORECAST

Whatever it is, you're going to find what you're looking for in fashion this year . . . new ideas are coming . . . good ideas staying on. There's something for everyone, and plenty to look forward to as we move towards autumn.

The bright-brown accessory—wanted for black. Bright-brown patent-leather shoulder bag with a thin gold chain. . . . Bright-brown leather pullover to wear under a brass-buttoned black wool suit-jacket, with bright-brown kidskin gloves to the wrist.

A word about suits. Side-closed jackets new and charming. A shiny leather pull is this year's way to blouse a suit. All suits operate on the modern theory that it looks right to move fast . . . newest skirts are flat-lying, widened by pleats . . . straight-falling skirts are nicked at the back of the hem . . . and dirndls continue to bounce. Here's our idea of perfect: navy-blue suit, double-breasted with brass buttons; big-A skirt.

Enter swinging: the big coat. This is the one that starts small—really taut and neat to the shoulder . . . then wide, wide, WIDE it swings, straight out from the armholes . . . looks especially snappy when the hem's cropped a bit and an edge of skirt shows underneath. . . . Prophetic in January 1, sure thing as we go to press in July. And be glad of it: it's a wonderful coat to wear—moves so well, goes over everything with the greatest of ease—and pleasure.

Let's talk about legs for a minute . . . once upon a time, hemlines hit the calf, broke the line of the leg right on the curve—and every woman had bad legs. Next, hemlines rose to the knees, showed a clean, tapering line down to the ground—and happy day!—every woman had good legs. Then, hemlines went up to the middle of the thigh. Once again, the line was broken. And once again, every woman had bad legs. . . . Believe it: change is in the air.

Black is news. Black for day rides again—black wool suits and topcoats, buttoned in brass and looking like a million with black ribbed stockings, gold-buckled black alligator pumps, bright-brown gloves. . . . All the shining black furs. Black ermine. Black mink. Black sealskin. Black sable most of all. And black broadtail—a silky little jacket, say, over a short, sleeveless, black wool dress, with a grey pearl at one ear, pink at the other—couldn't be prettier for the first snap-crackle autumn evening. . . . And flouncing black lace at night. And black chiffon floats with long, tight transparent sleeves—most flattering sleeves your arms will ever know.

Stack of gold rings—rough gold, smooth gold, tiny gold chains, nuggety, chunky, all on one finger, stacked right up to the knuckle—great.

Give an American woman a sweater and skirt, plus a good-looking coat to wear over them—she's in clover: it's the look she carries off with more ease and more bone-deep dash than anyone else in the world. . . . So. For openers, this season, we give you: a turtlenecked cashmere sweater in a strong, vibrant Spanish yellow . . . an A-shaped skirt of heathered-grey wool chinchilla . . . matching grey coat with a wide, nine-tenths hem.

FASHION FORECAST

We're going to see lots of coats with martingales across the back. And, as a result: lots of women with suddenly longer, tapering-er backs—it's an illusion martingales create on contact. . . . There will be martingales on shaped wide-skirted guardsman's coats, hugging tight against the lower ribs . . . martingales lying lightly on loose-backed coats with narrowed raglan sleeves and close shoulders.

Good fashion casts a long shadow. It stays. The two-piece dress with a soft, belted bias top stays. The slim, unwaisted one-piece dress stays—and if it makes you happy, then by all means tie a narrow leather tape at the waist. The knit dress stays, every day, every way—with an asymmetric cutout and a jacket to cover . . . with the look of a sweater and skirt . . . with a nifty new fling at the hem. The total look of a narrow double-faced coat over its own narrow dress stays and stays—small, precious, and complete—newest in patterned wool. This is heavenly: greige twill coat faced in wavy charcoal and greige stripes . . . dress of thinner, matching stripes . . . all the rest, tones of greige—glacé leather helmet, suède gloves, and a little fawn crocodile shoulder-bag on a narrow gold chain.

What do we see next for the perfect buckled pump? We see red—shiny red alligator with square toes and big golden buckles. We see red fishnet stockings with it. And a guardsman's coat in geranium-red wool, with brass buttons, martingale in back.

Dresses are floating—flowing, blowing—dresses with snug little bodices and fullness flaring away from tiny armholes, swinging wide at the hem . . . doing marvellous things for legs. . . . The shirtdress will float for day in biased navy wool, with a brass-buttoned shirt-tab and narrow sleeves banded at the wrist . . . legs will follow through in navy fishnet stockings, navy suède pumps with golden buckles . . . little sable casquette . . . short tobacco suède gloves. And for evening, we love this: a short float of face-powder apricot chiffon—sleeveless, cowled, flou as air, with a three-inch sable band brushing the knee . . . legs and feet dressed in faintest apricot.

Something very seductive about asymmetric hemlines on evening dresses—now you see the leg, now you don't. Visualize. Geranium-red lace, like a flamenco dancer's—deep flounces blowing on the knee in front, then a tumble of ruffles to the floor in back . . . a cage of lacquered black lace, slanted down across the knees—sensational under a tango-length black ermine guardsman's coat, 14-inches from the floor.

The pants tailleur will be part of every woman's life in a big way this autumn. Naturally—for all the cold, busy, tearing-around days, town or country, there isn't anything you can put on that feels so comfortable, looks so right . . . what the knockabout tweed suit was twenty years ago, the pants tailleur is today. Only prettier. Much, much prettier . . . with narrow little side-closed jackets to the tops of the thighs . . . with trig, back-vented cavalry jackets in neat Tattersall plaids . . . and beneath the jackets, linen shirts with lace jabots foaming at the front, lace cuffs spilling out romantically under the jacket-sleeves.

The evening dress that everyone wants this season—a plain, bias-cut toga of heaviest crêpe, falling straight to the ground . . . ravishing in bright jade green . . . in palest banana.

COATS

SURFACES ARE CHANGING,
COLOUR STARTS THE ACTION
...FORCES DESIGN... BLAZES NEW PROPORTIONS
ON THE NARROW SIDE—CLOSED CARDIGAN COAT

Donna Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto, right, in a marvellous side-fastened sizzle of coat by Forquet—flat, smooth wool printed in hot-blocks of pink, orange, scarlet, black. Worn with Nucci of Rome earrings. Kislav gloves: Best & Co.





The bold-striped jersey coat, above—narrow, double-breasted—going into winter with white stockings, buckled white pumps. Originala coat, of grey-brown-white Racine wool jersey. K.J.L. bracelet. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Coat: Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Sally Gee scarf. Kislav gloves. Prestige fishnet stockings. Safinia shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. The stained-glass coat, right—Venet's sleeveless, sweeping evening fantasy in thick white cotton satin, appliquéd with huge gleaming plastic geometries (these and the plastic earrings, by Paco Rabanne). Capezio sandals.

**COATS: COLOUR BREAKS
JERSEY INTO STRIPES
FOR DAY...COLOUR
SHINES WITH
DIMENSION AT NIGHT**





Small, shining, ready for anything, above—ciré coat in a burnished Paisley, flashed with white . . . nice new fling to the hem . . . fly front and a loose low-lying belt. By Bill Blass for Bondstreet (Bucol print) ; about \$110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Neusteters. White boots by Eskiloos. Chin-strapped white leather helmet by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. A lot of coat . . . a lot of fashion, right—orange wool, closed on the side; all the width swinging from high, small armholes. By Trigère; Garigue wool. Late July, at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo cap. Earrings by Kenneth Lane. On both pages: Hudson stockings at Bonwit Teller.

**COATS: THE
ANYTHING-GOES COAT
SHINES ON IN PAISLEYED CIRÉ
...THE BIG COAT
COMES ON SWINGING**

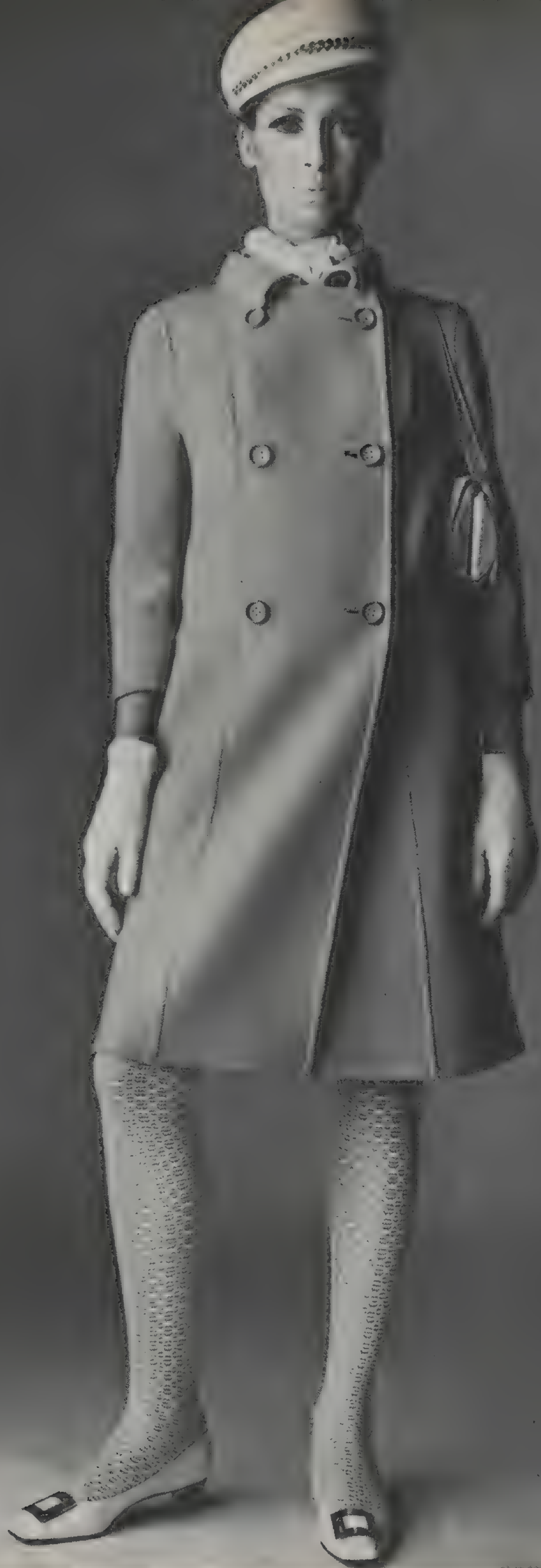




COATS: THE OFFICER'S COAT WITH A MARTINGALE BACK HITS FOR AUTUMN... BLACK IS NEWS WITH BRASS BUTTONS

The officer's coat, left, with a yoked, pleated back held by a martingale—big and luxurious in greige wool. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. Trifari earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Van Raalte stockings. Halston white bowler, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. The perfect black coat, right, brass-buttoned and narrow; epaulettes on the shoulders . . . black continuing to the toes. By Seymour Fox; Anglo wool, loomed in America. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Trifari earrings. Sally Gee scarf. Hanes stockings. Evins black pumps with golden buckles. Madcaps white cap.





COATS: THE NARROW DOUBLE-FACED COAT CARRIES ON...DITTO THE WHITE COAT... PRETTIEST OVER A MATCHING SKIRT

The coat that's like wearing a sweater, above, in pale-blue double-faced fleece . . . new with a wider hem . . . and white shoes and stockings. By Frechtel; Anglo wool loomed in America. About \$215. Grandoe gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. The coat, also at Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. Halston gilt-chained white felt cap, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoulder bag by Bagatelle, at Henri Bendel. Echo scarf. Hudson stockings. Safinia buckled pumps, at Saks Fifth Ave. Now it's completed by skirt—the white coat, right, with small shoulders, straight double-breasted lines, seven-eighths hem . . . Ben Zuckerman's total success in white wool twill, with a white silk ascot. Kenneth Lane earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume also: Rich's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. Suède gloves by Grandoe. Round-the-Clock stockings.







LINGERIE

THE BIAS NIGHTDRESS,
SOFTLY HALTERED...
AND THE PERFECT LITTLE
BIAS SLIP

Nightdress biased, opposite—soft, fluid, romantic, in cream-white satin. Shaped short and shifty, slanted up across the shoulders to a high band that ties in a bow over a curve of back bareness. About \$11 at Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop; Frederick & Nelson. Bias black chemise, above—terrific new slip with a wide low neck, small straps cut in one with the brief young flow of shape. About \$8 at Altman's; Strawbridge & Clothier; Frost Bros. Nightdress and chemise, by Deanna Littell for Warner's, in satin of Du Pont nylon, Dacron, silk (Registered fabric). Both, available the middle of August. The Dynel wigs, worn like little lampshades, by Tovar-Tresses.



SUITS: LEATHER PULLS NEW UNDER DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKETS...DOUBLE-FACED SUITS WITH WIDENED SKIRTS...CUT TO MOVE FAST

Dark-green leather pull, above, and a little leather cap to match—good news for a stone-grey wool suit with a double-breasted jacket . . . epaulettes on the shoulders . . . easy skirt. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. K.J.L. bracelet. Double-faced suit with a great new skirt, right—V-seamed and flat front and back, with a deep centre pleat widening the sides . . . camel-wool stitched all around; white wool blouse. Bagatelle shoulder bag. K.J.L. bracelet. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Cap and both suits, by Christian Dior-New York. Round-the-Clock stockings.







SUITS

MOVE:
JACKETS BLOW BACK ON THE BIAS
...DIRNDLS BOUNCE...
THE PANTS TAILLEUR ENTERS
AMERICAN LIFE

Bright-brown wool plaid, full of bounce, left—jacket yoked and biased in back, dirndl skirt bubbling on a hip yoke. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. K. J. L. jewellery. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Hutzler's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Gloves by Fuchs, at Lord & Taylor. Adolfo's beige suède cap. The new pants tailleur, above—this autumn, it charms its way into everyday life... pretty little side-closed coat and slightly flared trousers in a marvelous golden-barred geranium wool plaid. By Cynthia Sobel for Jr. Scene; about \$70. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Himelhoch's; Sakowitz. Hansen gloves at Best & Co. Golo shoes. Tovar-Tresses Dynel wig.



**DRESSES: THE FLOAT BLOWS IN...
SHORT SWINGING HEMS MOVING WIDE AND FREE FROM
SNUG LITTLE TOPS...KNITTED WOOLS, BLACK, WHITE**


Black with a length of pleat, above, from high waist to swinging hem. High square neck, loopy ties at the shoulders. By Junior Sophisticates, of knitted wool; about \$70. Earrings by Jack Gilbert. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Rich's; Sakowitz.
White with slant seams, right, triangles set in under high little armholes; coat-weight wool jersey. By Samuel Robert, about \$160. Napier bracelets. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny; Gus Mayer. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.




DRESSES

PRINTED WOOL FOR
EVENING...FLOATING WIDE
TO THE HEM...
THE ASYMMETRIC
HEMLINE IN PLEATS





Sloping wide to the floor, left, mauve
wool jersey printed in swirls like bright
tossed ribbons, with a small, long-
sleeved top. Dress by Ken Scott, about
\$190. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Nei-
man-Marcus; I. Magnin. Miriam
Haskell earrings. Sandals: Emilio
Pucci by Albanese; at Lord & Taylor.
New rhythm of pleats, right, flowing
in a skirt that dips to one side, with a
slant-top overblouse—all, shrimp silk
crêpe. Made to order at Conevan. Ice-
cube earrings: Vendôme. Julianelli
shoes. Dynel hairpieces: Tovar-Tresses.



IN TOGA PYJAMAS...
TIED HAIR...
DONNA ALLEGRA CARACCILO
DI CASTAGNETO



Fascinating Italians: the young beauty, Donna Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto, and what she wears, opposite—palazzo pyjamas with the mood and flow of a marvellous dress. Here, Forquet's asymmetric toga of lemon yellow, fluently wrapped to the back over black pyjamas with wide straight legs, a big black bow at the back of one shoulder. The tied hair, shown again in closeup above, pulled up to a bow of looped hair and ribbon, with earrings of feathery yellow leaves. Pyjamas of silk crêpe; at Bonwit Teller. The coiffures throughout these pages, by Ara Gallant.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The bony setbacks in two wars, Vietnam and poverty. . . . The rise of abrasive, deliberately insulting comments by radio and television talkers to their guests either in person or on the telephone—the insults a new rating gimmick. . . . The intelligent, rousing Stravinsky Festival by New York's Philharmonic Orchestra with Lukas Foss as the Artistic Director and frail, stubborn Igor Stravinsky, one of the conductors. . . . The slapstick, dull, surrealist chases of the movie *Up To His Ears*, which only proves that Ursula Andress is a really enormous girl, and that Belmondo's broken nose is not even equipment for comedy. . . . The tender, funny marvels of the book *Earthly Paradise*, Colette's autobiography drawn from the writings of her lifetime by Robert Phelps, a scholar with a honed sense of drama. . . . The singsong fascinating rhythms of the pop song, "Spanish Flea."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . IN PARIS, Jean Genet whose new play, superb, annoying, aggressive, and even disgusting, is called *The Screens* ("Les Paravents") and has its scene in Algeria during the fairly recent Algerian-French war, its chief character, the ugliest woman in the world who is also the greatest courtesan, and finally wipes up the stage with French officers and soldiers. . . . The continuing scandals about the movie *La Religieuse*, taken from the novel by the eighteenth-century encyclopedist Diderot, which after two and a half centuries of peaceful neglect has suddenly become a subject of conversation, partly because the Minister of Information, during André Malraux's absence in Egypt, had forbidden the showing of the movie, although it represented France at the Cannes movie festival; in an open letter the director Jean-Luc Godard accused Malraux of "senile decay, and cowardice."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . IN LONDON, Vanessa Redgrave, who will play Guenevere in the film, *Camelot*, but now is smashing through in the play, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, all hung up in a reddish-brown, centre-parted, smooth wig, her voice clotting around a soft Edinburgh accent as she projects a fey madness that is really a saintly sanity. . . . Emma's, a new floating discothèque on the Thames where on windy nights the dancers just stand and the boat moves—the ship has red walls, the loudest records, and two sailors pipe the visitors aboard. . . . The marvellous confusions of the filming of the Charles Feldman movie, *Casino Royale*, in which Sir James Bond has a stutter, an exquisite taste in the finer things in life which does not include women, although he is surrounded by an enticing clutch of beautiful, wicked girls.

MARSHALL McLUHAN, *right*, the intellectuals' pinup boy these last years, has suddenly found himself less loved but more known. Tall, with a thin, facile face, tanned and eager, he talks around the country, especially to college students, poking them up like a lion tamer goading his lions. His goad is the idea that our present environment—the world of electric circuitry, TV, computers, xerography, and space capsules—may differ more importantly from our past than we realize; that traditionally people recognize only their past environment; and that, for the life of us, we must start seeing our present. To make his points he will tell jokes, fudge facts, make slogans, stop at nothing. When audiences say they do not agree with parts of his theories, he laughs pleasantly and says that he doesn't either. Born in Canada, Marshall McLuhan is now Director of the Centre for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, but reaches out through his lectures and his television appearances to the public. He has not only left his ivory tower but he wants a mass emigration from ivory towers. In the process of sowing this discontent he has irritated some of the tower-occupants who keep saying on television panels, "Now, Marshall. . .". What irritates them is his habit of racing after his theories by galloping headlong through their disciplines. Protecting his right to be wrong, Marshall McLuhan has said: "I set up hundreds of possibilities as probes all the time. . . . I'm not a crusader, I'm an investigator. . . . The explorer is inconsistent. He must be." Marshall McLuhan, who wrote his first probing book, *The Mechanical Bride*, in 1951 and his most recent and explosive, *Understanding Media*, in 1964, has been exploring his environment since he was twenty-two, at Cambridge University in England. Especially he explores life. Some of his material: his Texas-born wife, his six children, who range from twenty-four to thirteen years old, and himself. Probing his own reactions when this photograph was being taken, he noticed that, "You do something with your mouth and teeth involuntarily when you do something with your eyes." At his exploratory worst, Marshall McLuhan tries to stretch his brilliant insights, like some revolutionary plastic with an ultimate ripping point, too thin in order to cover all contingencies. At his best, he stuns and enlightens people into a broadened perspective of themselves and their environment. This drives him: "We had better find out what is going to happen before it happens." On the next pages, Marshall McLuhan explains, especially for Vogue, his pinwheel theories.



GREAT *Change-overs* FOR YOU

By Marshall McLuhan

My friend, Fr. John Culkin S.J., has pointed out that although we do not know who discovered water, it was almost certainly not a fish. Anybody's total surround, or environment, creates a condition of non-perception. At the same time it creates a clear image of the preceding environment or situation. It is the preceding environment that is taken to be the present situation. It has been said that "the future of the future is the present." Only the artist, however, has the courage or the sensory training to look directly into the present. Wyndham Lewis said years ago, "The artist is engaged in writing a detailed history of the future because he alone is capable of seeing the present."

At present we are on the verge of a large change-over in our entertainment industry. Like many large changes, much has been hidden from view until the last minute. The American public is about to enter the entertainment industry as participant. While attention remains riveted on the rear-view mirror of audience ratings and packaged programs, the audience, in fact, has moved ever closer to an active rôle. Vision of this spectacular flip has been obscured by many factors including a misunderstanding of the quiz shows and their fate. A few years ago the American public had a sense of involvement in the quiz shows. Suddenly they learned that the shows had been "rigged" and that they had really been left out of the act all along.

With the aid of punch cards and computer processing, it is now possible for millions of people to participate directly in programs in prime time. That is to say, large audiences can be briefed in prime time in top problems in the sciences. Robert Oppenheimer is fond of saying, "There are kids playing here on the sidewalk who could solve some of my toughest problems in physics because they have modes of sensibility and perception that I lost forty years ago."

The greatest scientific discoveries appear quite simple in retrospect. The greatest difficulties in science would appear equally simple to two or three members of an audience of thirty millions. What eight or nine scientists might puzzle over for decades could be penetrated by a mass audience at once. For centuries the Western world has dealt with the audience as a target and consumer area. Electric technology has transformed the nature of the audience. On the one hand the audience becomes eligible for custom-made servicing instead of uniform packaging. On the other hand the audience itself becomes an actor in the show. For some time the world of business has taken on the character of show business. The idea of the audience as passive is a good bit of rear-view mirror hindsight, a sort of *derrière pensée*.

While writing *The Gutenberg Galaxy* I referred to it as the "Gut Gal,"

and this often became the "Cute Gal," and it seems to go quite naturally with Bat Man. The big flip-over from Gut Gal to Bat Man is a flip from pix to icons, or from pictures to cartoons. To understand the change from the world of pictures to the world of icons is to understand why our present world has moved from gradualness and continuity to a world in which everything is abrupt interface. The world of the icon is a world of abrupt encounters. The world of interface is not organized pictorially by gradation and continuity. It is a world of Happenings. The world of the Happening is an electronic world of all-at-onceness in which things hit into each other but in which there are no connections. Gutenberg technology, on the other hand, gradually eliminated the all-at-onceness of oral culture by creating a means of organizing human energy in strongly visual and classified terms. Separateness and privacy acquired prime importance with typographic culture and technology.

If you have seen *Doctor Zhivago*, you will have noticed something unusual about the sound track. In that film, if a train gets under way, it doesn't gradually reach a crescendo. Instead, there is a sudden Wham! Bang! much like the sounds in *Batman*. There is no gradation in the sound buildup, everything is just sudden interface. The French have been trying to write novels this way: The Robbe-Grillet type of novel is one in which there are no characters in the ordinary sense; there are just the abrupt encounters à la Batman of cartoon icons. The world of the icon in art or narrative is a world without gradations and without chiaroscuro. This kind of world is now developing on many fronts.

When you have these interfaces, you have Happenings; you don't have a story line. We'll come back to that in a moment. The world of the interface is a world of Happenings because the surfaces of events grind against each other and create new forms, much as the action of dialogue creates new insight. The world of the interface is the world of the Happening and the world of the cartoon. TV had been protected from this interface by the movie industry and by the effects of the movie industry on TV production, but now TV is affecting the movie industry. As TV has become the environment, or surround, of the movie, it has transformed the movie into an art form. It will be the turn of TV to become an art form when the new satellite environment goes around it.

There is a book by Owen Barfield called *Saving the Appearances* in which he points to one of the peculiarities of our Western world as deriving from the uses of the alphabet. Unlike all tribal societies, alphabetic cultures can be detached; they can avoid involvement; they have the means of detribalizing themselves. By contrast tribal societies are involved, they experience a *participation mystique*.

The experience of mystical participation in the cosmos that is shared by all preliterate societies is one in which people are eager to merge with the cosmic powers. Beginning with the Greeks, however, and the phonetic alphabet, there came a habit of detachment and noninvolvement, that is, a kind of uncooperative gesture toward the universe. This has been the basis of all Western society. From this wonderful power of refusing to be involved in the world we live in the Western world has derived detachment and objectivity. Owen Barfield's study is ably seconded by Eric Havelock in his *Preface to Plato*. Havelock demonstrates in detail how tribal man moved from the involving auditory culture to the Platonic world of ideas and classified knowledge. Edward T. Hall in his studies *The Silent Language* and *The Hidden Dimension* has revealed the changing forms of human perception as our perceptions encounter different cultural arrangements. For example, in *The Hidden Dimension* he explains the fascinating diversities of spatial awareness in America, and in Iran, and in Japan. On our continent, anyone minding his own business, who stays put and immobile, is inviolate, and anybody who barges into him is behaving boorishly. It is quite otherwise in the Arab world. There, it is the moving person who is inviolate and the stationary person who is fair game. In our literary and visual culture it is the specialist, the man who stays with one subject, who is inviolate. He is an expert. But anybody who crosses boundaries, and who keeps moving across boundaries, will lack respect and prestige. As we move into a new world of electronic information, there is much confusion about our older values. We are moving, as it were, from the American into the Arab orbit with regard to space and specialism.

Under conditions of instant information retrieval, classified knowledge loses its older prestige and significance. Retrieval itself becomes a means of discovery at electronic speeds, changing the whole purpose of storage systems. Under visual conditions of classified knowledge, retrieval merely took the form of reference. There are other areas in which major flips are tending to build up very quickly at present. Quite apart from the entry of the audience as work-force to end all rating systems, there is a similar reversal that is becoming apparent in the educational establishment. After centuries of stress on instruction, we have begun to move into a world where education becomes a form of discovery. Today it is the environment itself that is made of information. The world outside the classroom is so loaded with data that Jacques Ellul has observed that the twentieth-century child works harder than any child who ever lived. Sheer data processing confronts the ordinary child with a situation of information overload for which the instinctive response is mythic pattern-making. That is to say, the ordinary young person in our electronic environment moves naturally into a habit of myth-making as a way of coping with an environment made up of information. It is this habit arising from a deep need that is so strongly at variance with the world of the classroom and the curriculum where knowledge is still arranged in unrelated categories.

The psychic strategies needed to cope with information overload make the curriculum and the classroom seem ludicrous and "square" to young people accustomed to TV and the electronic environment. What would seem to be indicated is that instead of undergoing a process of stencilling and instruction, the student population is ready to turn to the arts of discovery and investigation. Small teams of students can be assigned to look into large varieties of problems that concern the entire community. The techniques of the Peace Corps are quite as relevant for our own world as for distant places. What is so magnificently right about the Peace Corps is that it is a totally involving process. If our classroom

and educational procedures were extended to the Peace Corps, it would collapse at once.

Another kind of flip that has begun on a very large scale in our electric world of information belongs to the field of advertising. Just as the painters and poets more than a century ago gave priority to the effect over the product, so with advertising today. As our means of information become more pervasive and inclusive, it becomes natural to make the ad a substitute for the product. Advertisers have been puzzled by the tendency of viewers and readers to pay special attention to the ads for products that they already owned. It is as if people used the ad to strengthen their impression of the product, and to get "cued in" as to the means of relating themselves to it. In a word, advertising has become a service industry, as much as a salesman. It is only natural, therefore, that the old-fashioned salesmen, the Willy Lomans, should be quite derailed by this development of the marketing process.

The world of uniform, fixed prices is undergoing rapid alteration in the age of the discount house. Indeed, the printed book was the first uniform and repeatable "commodity." Prior to printing, the book market had been a second-hand market. Such is the world of the antique and of Old Masters today. With the advent of a uniform and repeatable commodity, a totally new type of selling and marketing began. Uniform prices were as revolutionary a thing in the sixteenth century as they are today in India, or Africa. A considerable degree of literacy is the necessary prelude to a pricing system. Today, the venerable technology of movable types has contracted a "shotgun marriage" with electric circuitry and xerography. One result is that the reader can become publisher and author once more, as in the days of the old scribes. This decentralizing of a process that has long been centralized has created a crisis which so far has been localized in the area of copyright. In point of fact, xerography will alter the relation of the book to the market, to the language, and to other media. One media development has been to open the possibility for the student or reader to request a book made to his specifications and needs when existing libraries become linked by computer to Xerox services. The printed book, having begun as the first commodity package, is now ready to become an information service to individual needs.

Print had created the Public, that is, a large group of separate individuals accessible through a common language and a common national territory. Electric circuitry substitutes the Mass for the Public. In contrast to the Public, the Mass consists of people quite deeply involved in one another by virtue of enormous speedup of information services. Electric speeds of information in effect pull out the times and spaces between people, as can be noted in the makeup of the daily paper. Many people talk as if the Mass represented merely a much larger group of people than the old Public. In point of fact, mass has less to do with size than speed. That is why the most trivial events, when circulated at electric speeds, can acquire enormous potential and influence. To think of the mass audience as merely larger and more vulgar than the old reading public is a good example of the rear-view mirror vision of the world. The wedding of the book and electricity points to a new type of custom-built selectivity that is quite the reverse of the older mechanized technology. The metamorphosis of the book thus serves to highlight a structural change in cultural patterns as between the older world of mechanized products and the new world of electric services. It is the same change earlier noted with regard to the audience as potential work-force instead of audience as passive consumer.

One of the paradoxical effects of the (Continued on page 114)

Reuben Nakian belongs to the generation of Gorky and De Kooning, who sought in art its ancient grandeur, as if nothing had happened to make masterpieces impossible.

In the early thirties, after an apprenticeship with Manship and Lachaise, Nakian found his heroes among celebrities of the press—Babe Ruth, FDR's cabinet. Encased in prose, these "immortals" engaged only the surface of Nakian's imagination. After a season of success, Nakian, like many another artist of that ideological decade, entered into a personal crisis—for a dozen years he produced almost nothing.

Slowly, under the stimulation of his friend Gorky's surrealism and post-war New York abstract art, he was led to the indwelling myth which American artists were learning to seize by the action of their implements. It was in his "Europa" series, begun in 1948 and still continuing, that Nakian as an "action" sculptor discovered his true deities and, like other leading artists of his generation, entered upon a second artistic life.

Nakian's reborn vision is one of dynamic sensuality, in which rhythms of lustful sport are fused with those of drawing and modelling. In his drawings, incised plaques, and terra-cotta sculptures, Nakian enacts love in line and mass—through Eros he has found his way back to the Greeks without a shred of academicism. The abducted nymph of the "Voyage to Crete" terra-cottas rides in high contentment on the back of the bull-god, her curves as expansive as the waves tossed by Nakian's spatula upon cliffs of chalk. Except for the "classical" drawings of Picasso, nothing in our time matches these small works in sweet sexiness.

The voluptuousness of Nakian's goddesses, with their small heads and tapering limbs, have evoked comparisons with Lachaise's celebrated giantesses. The differences, however, both emotional and technical, are basic. Lachaise's mighty nude is self-enclosed like a balloon—an ego in female form. Nakian's nymph is as dreamily available and seductive as the sea. Also, the Lachaise needs to be physically huge; reduced she would seem like a toy. With Nakian, scale does not depend on size: He achieves amplitude on an eight-inch sheet of paper.

Having revived passion through stroke and contour, Nakian attempted in four large works (including the façade sculpture at New York University, Washington Square) to realize gesture abstractly in dispositions of steel plates. Though these constructions are remarkable (Continued on page 125)

THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR REUBEN NAKIAN, wrote Frank O'Hara, "is unrepressed, un-neurotic, unabashed in his approach to sensuality, however tortuous his esthetic commitment." O'Hara knows. He arranged the exhibition of Nakian's monumental sculptures and small, tense drawings, now at New York's Museum of Modern Art through September fifth. Vital, stocky, generous, well-known internationally by connoisseurs but hardly known to the mass public, Nakian, who was born sixty-eight years ago at College Point, New York, has been an artist since his adolescence when he worked for a while making line drawings of cigarettes for Philip Morris, then assisted the sculptor Paul Manship, and later shared a studio with Gaston Lachaise. A warm, generous, modest man who lives in Connecticut and works in a long white loft there, Nakian finds that his sculptures are really his life, joyous, decisive.

NAKIAN

EROS AND GRIEF

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG





PORTRAIT BY AVEDON





THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN CAFTANS

Here are the most becoming fashions ever invented: the languor of the seraglio clings to them; leisure and repose emanate from them. The classic robes of the Near East, they're now, suddenly, all over the contemporary map—inspiration of great dressmakers and every woman's discovery in beauty. . . . Go anywhere. Step out on a terrace in New York; walk along the beach at Marbella; enter a country house in Sussex; a villa in Rome; a ranch in Montecito—and what do you see? Women relaxing into caftans; into caftan-like jibbas, yeleks, djellabas . . . nothing is more completely feminine. **Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli**, left, the former Anne Ford—blond, blue-eyed, modern good looks, in a traditional Moroccan caftan of handwoven azure silk embroidered with gold and green leaves—on a terrace above Central Park. **Lady Antonia Fraser**, far left, in a gold-bordered green velvet caftan from Morocco; she wears it, here—with an Ethiopian dollar on a long, heavy gold chain—in the indoor amaryllis garden of the Frasers' London house. **Mrs. Richard de la Mare**, above, her yellow-silk hair spilling over red-white-black striped organza—a caftan from Liberty's, for summer parties here in London or at the De la Mares' villa beyond the hills of Florence. **Comtesse Michel de Ganay**, above right, at the family Château de Fleury, wears an Egyptian caftan of blue-and-white striped cotton; her waist-length blond hair is plaited up in one thick braid, clasped in a gold ring. **Donna Allegra Caracciolo di Castagneto**, right, looks across Rome from her parents' terrace; the toga-caftan, lemon-yellow crêpe lapped by Parma violet—Forquet's free-flowing and beautiful translation from the Arabic.





Donna Samaritana Rattazzi, above, on the arbored terrace of her family's Roman villa, Bosco Parrasio—once owned by Queen Christina of Sweden—wears a pale-pink cotton Egyptian caftan caught snug at her waist by a gold North African belt. **Mrs. Joseph Alsop**, right, wears a gold and wine-red jibba—Egyptian variant of the Moroccan caftan—on a visit to the Leo d'Erlangers at their villa in Sidi-bou-Saïd. **Signora Antonella Agnelli**, centre above, with her two-year-old son, Gianni, in the Agnellis' Neuilly living room; her century-old olive-green velvet caftan from Casablanca is leafed in gold; Gianni wears a candy-striped red-and-gold cotton robe. **Mrs. Lesley Blanch**, centre right, collects caftans and djellabas, burnouses, and abas from all over the Arab world; here in her Paris apartment, she combines a man's gold-encrusted taupe wool robe from Aleppo with a long, belted shirt—a man's ivory cotton dishdashah from Kuwait. **Madame Michel Legendre**, centre below, grew up in Rabat, now prefers French interpretations of the Moroccan design—such as this ivory-and-gold sari-cloth robe made for her by Jacques Heim and worn at home in New York where her husband is the French Consul General. **Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger**, far right, beneath a colonnade at Nejma Ezzohra, the d'Erlangers' villa overlooking the Bay of Tunis at Sidi-bou-Saïd; a black burnoose embroidered in magenta is thrown loosely over her carnation-pink-and-gold jibba.



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN CAFTANS





THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN CAFTANS



Princess Ira Fürstenberg, above left, soon to appear in her first film, is seen here in Paris; her mustard-yellow silk poplin caftan comes from Cairo's "Valley of the Kings"—where caftans are made to order in two hours. **Principessa Nancy Ruspoli**, left, wears her husband's cream and turquoise-blue cut-velvet Moroccan caftan in Paris—her own caftans remain at home on the Via Condotti in Rome. **Mrs. David Naylor-Leyland**, above, belts a caftan in the Moroccan manner for terrace evenings in Palm Beach; the gold silk robe from Fez is worked in bas-relief gold roses. **Donna Agnese Torlonia**, near right, turns to a contemporary design—Ken Scott's blue-and-green flowered cotton robe inspired by a Moroccan caftan for midsummer parties at the Torlonias' terraced villa north of Rome. **Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt**, far right, out-of-doors at the Vanderbilts' Long Island house; her dark-blue silk caftan, made in Fez a century ago by Ben Chérif Frères, and handed down from generation to generation in Morocco, is so vivid with flowers it is called Dounia Jat—"The world is reborn". **Miss Margaret Bippus**, above, far right, barefoot on the Palm Beach sand in a modern Moroccan caftan of mauve and silver broché.







THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN CAFTANS

Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun, above, wears her embroidered gold Moroccan caftan with a difference—as an evening coat, here over a long white jersey dress, with giant pendant earrings and a cross of pale-peach stones dropped waist-low on a chain.


The Hon. Mrs. Raymond Bonham Carter, right, with her almond-white skin and deep dark eyes, is completely at home, in London, in Eastern dress; this royal Turkish wedding robe—violet-blue velvet festooned with a gold brilliance of leaves and flowers—was discovered in Istanbul.

Madame Roger Seydoux, centre above, wife of the French Ambassador to the United Nations, bought her silver-and-gold caftan in Fez when her husband held the post of French Ambassador to Morocco, now wears it in New York with babouches, a gift from Morocco's Foreign Minister.

Miss Susan Stein, centre, collects costumes from North Africa, Iran, India, Japan and has over a dozen caftans closeted in her New York apartment. The one she's wearing was made for her in Fez of gold French lamé embroidered and corded in gold.

Lady Egremont, opposite, a traveller's traveller, is mirrored here in the Egremonts' London house in a man's sky-blue ajbada, embroidered in white, which she brought back from northern Nigeria.





inca- *metrics*

NEW PERUVIAN PATTERNS FOR LEGS AND FEET

Brilliant zigs. Marvellous zags. Colours of sun, sky, fire, earth. Flashes of gold and silver. All in the fascinating geometrics of Inca designs—suddenly leaping over centuries now, and landing on wonderful feet and legs. Showing up, for twelve pages here, as the newest excitement in shoes, boots, stockings, and photographed where it all started—in Peru. More news: all shoes on these pages are made of hardy Du Pont Corfam—most of this, from the Fleming-Joffe collection for Du Pont. Hairstyles by François of Kenneth.

PERU BROWN, BUCKLES, PATTERNS OF IVORY
Close to the Inca-metric earth, opposite, the deep brown of shoes with silvery buckles, little heels; ivory stockings of geometric lace; a dress zig-zagged in black, rust, ivory. The groundwork here, actually pre-Incan—part of Chimú ruins at Chan Chan, near Trujillo, with the sweep of the Andes in the background. Shoes by Personality, of Corfam; about \$13 at Famous-Barr. Nylon stockings by Round-the-Clock; at Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. Dress by Victoire for Korrigan, of knitted wool; about \$110. At Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Bracelet by Alma Davies, at Bergdorf Goodman. More Chimú ruins, above, their pattern similar to the Peruvian sock-clocks here in unmatching black and white. Shoe, black with square silvery buckle, flat toe. Nylon socks: Hudson; at Bergdorf Goodman. Corfam shoe by Jantzen; about \$13 at Arnold Constable; J. W. Robinson. Skirt, white wool edged in black leather; by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan; about \$40. Available, middle of August, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Ring: Maria for De Mario; at Bergdorf Goodman.





STRAPS—HIGH, LOW, BRILLIANT

Warrior sandal, right, hand-appliquéd in brightest fabrics with golden straps and red insole of Corfam. The little girl, here, in Cuzco dress. Sandal by Bernardo; about \$48 at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Acid-green slipper, opposite, T-strapped in navy, with blue lace-ribbed stockings, an Inca-metric dress . . . and folk dancers, Corfam shoe by Martinique; about \$30. Altman's; Famous-Barr. Nylon stocking by Hudson; at Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Dress: knitted Celanese acetate, mostly mauve and yellow; by Lotte for Paul Parnes; about \$60 at Lord & Taylor; Bramson; Joseph Magnin.

NORMAN PARKINSON

inca-metrics





FRINGED ANKLES, THE ZIGZAG MULE

String fringe, above, in earth and fire colours, ankle-strapped to a heavy sole. Shown at a replica of the Cerro Blanco temple, with a bright-bordered purple dress. Sandals by Bernardo, Corfam insoles; about \$20 at Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Dress: Gerald Pierce for Boul-Mich, of Chemstrand nylon tricot (Stevens fabric); about \$50 at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Mule of many colours, opposite, all zigged together with a flat zigzag heel. Green ribbed-lace stockings, wild-Indian skirt of zigzags, at the ruins of the temple in Punkuri (500 B.C.). Corfam mules, \$32: Saks Fifth Avenue. Hudson nylon stockings at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Sloat skirt of Helanca stretch nylon (Successful Creations fabric); about \$35 at Bonwit Teller.





inca-metrics

BOOTS OVER FISHNET, STRAPS, PATTERNS
Ankle-high boots of navy-blue Corfam, white fishnet socks cuffed in navy—below, on a reed float to ride like a horse, in the surf. Boots by Golo; about \$20 at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Hudson nylon socks at I. Miller. Sloat skirt of yellow Anglo wool; about \$50. Black knitted cotton top; about \$8. At Jax. Amber embroidery, top right, on navy Corfam shoes with amber-waves stockings. Shoes by Donald Brooks; \$36 at Lord & Taylor. Round-the-Clock nylon stockings. Parrot-red socks, centre right, showing through high-tied shoes of clear vinyl, black patent Corfam. Shoes by Golo; \$18. Nylon socks by Hudson. Both, at Altman's. Red worsted skirt by Sloat (Berroco fabric); about \$45. Great pompons, lower right, on a little T-sandal of brown and black Corfam, with sheer pale-grey tights patterned in white. Shoes by Newton-Elkin; about \$32 at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. Nylon tights by Hudson; at I. Miller. Grey wool Sloat skirt (fabric by Gabbe-Salm of Hanora); about \$35. Wool skirt fabrics, loomed in America. All skirts: Bonwit Teller.





inca-metrics

LEGS IN WAVES OF GOLD, PAILLETTE CLOCKS

The longest line of leg, opposite, made by the longest stockings—a sheer forty inches patterned in bronze and gold—and the briefest little gold bikini girdle. (All gold, so far, unreal—including the gold Corfam sandals with nailheads.) The 17th-century sofa and lion footrest, gold-plated, from a village near Cuzco. Hudson nylon stockings: Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Shillito's. Sandals, about \$36 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Girdle by Venus, of Lycra and Du Pont nylon; \$9. This and the Vendôme jewellery of gilded wood (to order), at Bonwit Teller. Silvery paillettes, above, sparkling up evening tights of misty nylon with a lowered waist, the nudest sandal feet. Around them, stirrups of Peruvian silver, precious-stoned. Tights by Hudson, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.







EMBROIDERED BOOTS, STRAPS OVER LACE

Stitched patterns, above, in blue and brown, on a brown Corfam boot with a webby blue stocking—here, parading on a Peruvian pacer. The boots by Golo. Nylon stockings by Van Raalte; at Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Hudson's. Straps brown and buckled, right, with white tile-patterned stockings. Zigzags: a dress of white and earth-colours (in Peru, even trains zigzag to get up dizzying slopes). The llama's necklace: bright-dyed llama fur. Corfam shoes by Jantzen; about \$15 at Arnold Constable; Joseph Horne. Hudson nylon stockings at Altman's. Dress: Lotte for Paul Parnes, of knitted worsted; about \$80 at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. Bracelet by Smith St. Jacques at Henri Bendel.





BEAUTY *bulletin*

FACT BEAUTY AND SCIENCE FICTION

1 SECRET OF SOME OF THE BEST-KEPT FACES: BEAUTY CARE WITH ELECTRICAL CURRENT

"We're on the threshold of a strange age. The people who try something new will be running no risk, except that of making a mistake. And even then, they need only start over again. The important thing is to make the attempt. . . ." This was how André Maginot hoped to urge the great Colette to. . . . To begin a new novel? Invent another libretto for Ravel? Go back to the fatiguing refreshment she had once found in being a member of a travelling theatrical troupe? No. . . . To open a beauty salon. (Which she did, in 1932, in the rue de Miromesnil, with herself as star makeup specialist.)

One aspect of the strange new age had—in the case of the beauty profession—begun many years earlier. Better than a century before, with the findings of the Italian scientist, Galvani. But despite its quiet development and visible successes, the "new" practice is not, even today, open to the readiest of understanding. Not a bird, not a plane, not Superman, it's simply the electrical age of beauty. An age of nicely-behaved little volts, milliamperes, and delicate ohms—all channelled to beauty's needs, and succeeding, in some cases, where nothing else may be able to make headway; neither the best face creams nor the most scrupulous care nor the cleverest of surgeons. (The removal of forehead furrows, for instance, is not in the plastic surgeon's line.)

Although we had made the rounds of various beauty machines over the years, we counted ourselves among the women for whom the machine-age of beauty was largely a mystery. Spooked at the very prospect of electric current ("Who, me—*electrocute* myself?"), and equipped from the day of birth with a low threshold of squeam, we nonetheless decided that an investigation at firsthand was overdue. Overdue—because electric current is known to be the secret of some of the best-kept faces in the world, accountable for the "indestructible" facial firmness and look of fine-pored, polished skin enjoyed by many splendid creatures who presumably would veto anything dangerous or even remotely fishy. And overdue because certain beauty machines have been (Continued on the next page)

2 SUN PROTECTION AND SCIENCE FACT: THE GIRL WHO COULD SUNBATHE IN THE SAHARA: IN SPACE

The girl at left is a laboratory—of facts that might be critical to you, right now. She, or you, may never run around exactly like this—unless you were catching the sun stretched out on a Sahara dune. Or meandering in space (in which case the visor should completely enclose your head). . . . But you would be safe from the damaging effects of two ranges of the sun's radiation: ultraviolet, the rays that cause burning and tanning; and infrared, the rays that cause heat. Fact: Ordinarily, dark-tinted plastic sun lenses and visors protect against ultraviolet, but not against heat rays. The gold-plated plastic in this visor-of-the-future could do both—beat the heat and lick sunburn; plus: you can see out, they can't see in. Recent spacewalker wore similarly-coated plastic. Beach walkers,

note. (Visor by Sant Angelo for May.) . . . Even a well-tanned nose is congenial to burning. Nose on view wears pure white titanium dioxide in a cream base. Fact: The most effective sun guards are opaque. . . . Makeup here, a hypoallergenic preventer of sunburn *and* suntan, tinted to *seem* colour-by-sun without perils of colour-by-sun. (A-Fil by Texas Pharmacal.) . . . On her mouth, a yellow ribbon of lipstick. Fact: Yellow helps cut off ultraviolet rays. . . . Her aluminized suit might qualify her for re-entry, as well as keep her cool. Fact: Member of a firm that specializes in re-entry suits told us, "Used to do them in white, but there is reason to think aluminized fabric withstands heat better." . . . For more facts of which every sunning skin should have the benefit, see Beauty Checkout, page 32.

SECRET OF SOME OF THE

(Continued from preceding page) manufactured for do-it-yourself use at home, thus changing the complexion of availability.

Confining the target of inquiry to face and throat, and selecting as site the salon of a woman who, unlike several of her colleagues among "the skin-specialist elite," is hospitable to questioning, we settled on two objectives. One: to sample for ourselves all the specialties of the house—those which could be carried out at home as well as in a salon, and those which were for salon only. Two: to observe clients under treatment, to watch their progress and attitudes. . . . Typical day:

"Elisabeth. EliSSSSSSSSSabeth!" The magnificent brunette in sweater, skirt, hooded sable coat, slumps in a parody of despondency, addressing a closed door. The room in which she sits is decorated to look like a charmingly-tended garden. Again addressing the closed door, the name of which one might assume must be Elisabeth, the brunette implores: "Elisabeth! For once, just this once, please abandon everybody and come have a lovely long lunch with me to celebrate my new skin." The closed door opens. A dark-haired woman, not very tall, not a dieter, wearing a white possible only to starched white cotton, emerges engulfed in laughter. "Now, dear, you *know* I can't take time for lunch. I'd love to, but I can't. I have the lady from Turkey coming for her final treatment. Oh, she's doing so beautifully! The last little lines will go today. And . . ." casting a look toward the receptionist's desk in the crook of the ground-floor flat at 160-A East Seventieth Street, "my next appointment is here now, just off the plane from London."

A young blonde in a stewardess-blue suit enters the sitting room. "Look," says the blonde, shyly, touching her glowing, smooth young face. "They are *gone*. Gone. Not one is left." Several mild nods precede a reply from the woman in white. "Yes, they are gone," she agrees in a soft voice, without surprise. (Sign of the accustomed conqueror—the absolute pro—is how we read her un-surprise.) "You see," says the woman in white, thoughtfully, "This

child had a—well—not very English complexion. But that was three weeks ago."

From a white-doored treatment room, a woman in her late fifties enters the sitting room, pulling on her suit jacket and fastening her pearls as she moves. "You know, Miss Ungár,"—for the woman in white is Miss Elisabeth Ungár, skin specialist—"while you were taking all those years off my face with your machine, I was trying to figure out how to build a telescope for our house in the country. I got it figured out." We look again, recognize the celebrated lady mathematician, who now smiles at the gathering, and says, "I think if there's even one little thing you can do to make yourself look better, you should do it. Now this suit looks much better on me since my face has been pulled out of its decline. You understand, I just did it for my *suit's* sake." Giant wink. How nice, we think—a cheerful genius. In fact, how nice everything seems—all the women and all the vibrations in this place. . . .

Sorting the various activities, watching and taking treatment, this is what we learned about the several machines' doings—doings possible in some cases in a salon *or* at home. In other cases, only in a specialist's hands. In one case, *only* at Miss Ungár's, to the best of our knowledge.

For the face that's declining in muscle tone, electrical treatment has been known and used for years. Low-volt stimulation of the nerve ends contracts key muscles in five easily-located areas; each side of the face, cheekbone to chin. Properly exercised, the muscle can help lift the crease out of smile lines; with luck, control a jowl's tendency to sag. Not at all unique, the treatment is based directly upon Galvani's discovery, in the late-eighteenth century, of the effect of charged metals on muscles. Applied steadily and constructively since then in physiotherapy, the principle was used recently as a practical means to exercise men confined for days in the limited space of a U.S. nuclear submarine. Not spooky, the sensation is nonetheless *different*; it could be described as rather oceanic. Strong in-surge of power. Quiet out-surge. Salty-metallic taste in the mouth—result

of the saliva's chemical reaction to electricity. . . . Many skin specialists offer muscle-toning treatments in their salons. A number of brands of do-it-yourself units are in distribution—some are famous. For both her salon treatments and for follow-up maintenance for her clients at home, Miss Ungár has a muscle-toning machine called Tonatrone, a transistorized precision instrument geared to the face only, and built to Miss Ungár's specifications—eighteen surges per minute. Most of Miss Ungár's clients own a Tonatrone and use it regularly. (The lady mathematician had decided to take her initiation in the salon; had just completed a crash course of ten treatments—to be continued at home, and in travel.)

For the skin that's not eating up its lubrication, which is to say: for the face and throat whose dryness is getting out of hand, there's a machine devised to force-feed a given lubricant effectively. A massage with galvanic current switched on to the negative pole is meant to increase circulation and put the tissues in a receptive mood. The sensation is only mildly sensational; the glow and softness that result seem better than that. . . . For any dry skin, Miss Ungár usually programs a minimum of twenty minutes of this treatment before proceeding with the muscle-toning unit. Only recently, she managed to box the galvanic-charged lubricator in a transistor unit; both the lady mathematician and the smashing brunette (who turned out to be the mother of four grown children; an agronomist; resident of one of the world's most trying altitudes) had been galvanized. Several skin specialists use the method; as far as we know, only Miss Ungár has made it take-home-able.

For the skin that needs cleansing, either occasionally or because of steady outbreak, Miss Ungár is against the usual face-probe; she believes that cleansing can be a simple drying-up affair managed largely by machine. Her argument against the more prevalent practice of pressing out pore-stoppage is: she thinks it's hard on the skin in the long run, "and I hate to see the broken capillaries that come from some of that work." Her cleansing machine in-

BEST-KEPT FACES

volves the same Galvanotron that's used for lubrication—but this time, the massage attachment is hooked up “to attract acids, diminish congestion.” Her young English client had had one in-salon treatment for instruction; had taken a machine with her and used it three times a week for three weeks—and was clear as a bell. (Presumably she'll continue with this program until her skin grows older.) The more aged clients—us; the brunette beauty; the mathematician; and the lady from Turkey—were rationed on use of the Galvanotron's drying-up potential. Miss Ungár felt we couldn't afford to encourage too much dryness. In our case, routine cleansing with lotion and soap, daily; then one massive cleansing every fortnight via machine (“enough to stir up the waste, which in time will carry itself away”). If we were impatient for total cleanliness, she'd take us on for a special seven-day “lift off” which is her name for a mild peeling with a chemical that does lift off all sorts of clogging and stoppage. (Aha! So *that* was what the brunette had wanted to celebrate. She literally had acquired a new skin—and, at the same time, had been made rid of the last of some scars accrued in the course of what she described as the sudden, unaccountable case of adult acne that had propelled her to Miss Ungár in the first place, years earlier.)

For forehead furrows, for lines around the eyes, Miss Ungár has worked out—with electricity—an absolutely unique eraser. Technically called galvanopuncture, the process is much like permanent hair-removal by electrolysis. Electrolysis is used—but more shallowly than for hair removal. With an electrically-driven angled needle, Miss Ungár works away at the fold of a line; this responds by sending up to the surface of the skin a fluid to create edema, or a state of puffiness. The puff recedes in an

hour's time, and leaves the skin level—thus erasing the line. The smoothed state may last anywhere from eighteen months to four years. “But in no case,” according to several women whose case histories we've followed, “does it return fully to what it was before treatment.” A surface version of the same treatment is used around the eyes. . . . Is galvanopuncture painful? Well, it doesn't tickle. No matter what anyone says (and “Liar, Liar!” is how we greet a friend whom we've known for years, who

swears she sleeps like a baby while Miss Ungár removes lines), the treatment is touchy. Miss Ungár herself says she wouldn't let anyone else do it to *her* face. The lady from Turkey and the brunette both admitted to having supplied themselves with tranquillizers for their first line-removing sessions; but two other clients, one from Boston, one from Toronto, had neither tranquillizers nor complaints. “It really depends upon how you're geared,” Miss Ungár says. “And since treatments are expensive, and since you are charged by the time, not the project, it's a good thing to plan to be as cooperative as possible. . . .”

The ideal of any skin-specialist we've ever talked to is a skin so perfect it needs no makeup. “But I *like* makeup,” says Miss Ungár. “It can look so well on a fine skin. Especially a light foundation, brushed-on pink rouge and pink lipstick. Everything cream and roses.”





What's new with Courrèges?...For summer 1966, the brilliant young trail-blazer of the French couture made a small, tightly-edited collection which was shown to his private clients only; the press was barred. But, relenting, he allowed *Vogue* to photograph the three immaculate little dresses here—all, worn with languorous but high-voltage charm by Princess Ira Fürstenberg, who recently embarked on a movie career. Signed to appear in three movies for producer Dino de Laurentiis, she is now filming—in London, Rome, and Madrid—the first, a spy thriller called *Matchless*....Princess Ira's coiffures on both pages, by Carita. High, striped bodice, left, in red and white, red binding; double-breasted, V-necked; hitched to a straight white skirt with pockets and hem bound in red....Not shown: a little short-waisted white jacket whipped with red binding. All, of wool gabardine. Sweater-and-skirt look, above right, in a one-piece dress with deeply-squared armholes. Pale-pink shantung bodice, joined at hip-level to a skirt of heavy cotton gabardine in pale-pink, black, and white plaid....Lower still, a narrow belt of pink kidskin. Bolero jacket, far right, in pale-green and white stripes; short-sleeved white dress, welt seaming; of wool gabardine. Courrèges says of white: "It is sun and laughter...it's a state of mind."



THE NEW COURRÊGES

WORN BY PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG





VOGUE PATTERN 6733

VOGUE
PATTERNS

The short asymmetric float, above left: shimmery little dancing dress in a soft, new pinked-up silver cloqué, cut away on a slant from its own turtleneck, widened at the hem. Vogue Pattern 6733. Silvery winged earrings by Regina Novelty. Streak of pinked-up silver, right: the same cloqué, here V-yoked and flowing to the floor. Vogue Pattern 6928. Robert Originals earrings: Lord & Taylor. Bernardo sandals. Both pages: cloqué of silk and Lurex metallic yarn at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. Setting: Andy Warhol's helium-filled silver pillows. Coiffures: Marc Sinclair. Pattern details, page 126.



VOGUE PATTERN 6928

SILVER-IN THE PINK FOR EVENING

Buster Keaton told me once that, when he and Chaplin first used the new sound cameras, what they most missed in them was the noise. The old silent-picture cameras made a rhythmic racket that both of them had unconsciously taken for a beat when they were acting. Perhaps this is why Chaplin now writes his own film music; knowing that he is going to be the composer, he can direct a scene with a tempo going on in his head.

To see him work on a scene in *A Countess from Hong Kong* is rather like watching a classical ballet master teaching behind glass. The beat that he can hear is out of one's own earshot, but it is holding the work together. Comedy for Chaplin is choreography, placing, movement, the intricate classical disciplining of vulgar energy. His urge to make his teaching concrete and physical is like the nostalgia of a great old dancer taking his thousandth *Swan Lake* class from a chair, unconsciously mimicking a pas de deux in a sort of muscular mumble, and exploding on to the set to dance the corps de ballet steps himself when some wretched cygnet misses a cue. The dancers in the pas de deux, whom he obviously greatly admires, are Sophia Loren and Marlon Brando. The cygnet one day was a ship's steward in the film who had to make an entrance during a scene with Brando and offer a double brandy. With so little to do he miffed it altogether; Chaplin catapulted on to the set and mimed it himself, and it was like Pavlova with a napkin over her arm.

A Countess from Hong Kong is being made at Pinewood Studios, near London, which have produced some of the most deathly conventional films ever made. To Chaplin, who is now seventy-seven and has made eighty-one films, this isn't of the faintest consequence. As with most of the great classicists of comedy, conventionalism is really just what his work springs from. Rules, propriety, order, loyalty, romanticism, and a sweet decorum are the elements of his style; anarchy suggests nothing to him. A studio that had been the home of other people's technical revolts would have little to offer Chaplin. His needs are simple, oddly formal, and entirely his own.

Buster Keaton told me that, to his mind, the most enviable place to work was a broom cupboard. Chaplin's broom cupboard is obviously a studio. I think he would be happy enough in any studio at all, provided it were professionally competent to do what he wants; and if it weren't, he could undoubtedly teach it to be, because he knows every trade of his craft backwards. The freedom that other directors find in working on location means nothing to him. The intrusions of commonplace life are not an inspiration to him but a distraction. He said once that if he works outside a studio, he finds his ideas and concentration blowing away on the wind.

The conditions at Pinewood are what he needs. They (Continued on next page)

RIGHT, CHARLIE CHAPLIN ROARS WITH LAUGHTER AFTER MOST TAKES OF "A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG." BELOW, CHAPLIN DIRECTING A SCENE FROM THE MOVIE; LEFT TO RIGHT, MARLON BRANDO, PATRICK CARGILL, AND SOPHIA LOREN.



WILLIAM KLEIN

THE GENIUS



OF CHAPLIN

"AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE VERY FAST"

BY PENELOPE GILLIATT

CHAPLIN: "COMEDY IS CLASSICAL DISCIPLINING OF VULGAR ENERGY"

are a familiar focus for work, and everything extraneous to that seems to be invisible to him. The mock-Tudor front offices obviously don't jar on him, the friendly English crew has learned how to do what he wants, and the huge sound stages scattered with sets of a liner are a convention that only makes him imagine the reality of his film more fiercely, like the genteel flower-curtained caravan on the set that is Brando's dressing room, and the tea stall where the technicians stand in line for currant buns and a black brew of tea that lays a coating of tannin inside the mouth like an animal's pelt.

Chaplin in his old age seems to feel physically forty-five. Anyone watching him at first is bound to have an undercurrent of worry at the sight of a man nearing eighty who not only keeps the ruthless hours of film making but also demonstrates practically every take himself; but after a while any concern seems a patronage. The outstripped crew has given it up long since. The only thing that bothers some of them is that they can't quite recognize him as the man in his films. I saw one of them holding up a finger against the sight of his distant face to blot out his upper lip and try to imagine him with the old Hitler moustache. With his present white hair he looks almost like the negative of his silent-film self. The wide mouth, stretched like a child's eating a slice of watermelon, isn't quite as one remembers it; perhaps it was always changed by the moustache.

He seems to feel the cold, but then he has lived out of England long enough to grow unused to the conditions that the locals dourly call livable. The studio is what the English think of as living-room temperature, which is like March out-of-doors. He wears a thick sweater under a thicker jacket. Usually he has a hat on against the glare of the lights. When he feels debonair he tips the hat over his eyes; when he is growling at the stupidity of his extras, or at the unwieldiness of conventional modern-film lighting, he pushes it impatiently to the back of his head. During holdups he will often suddenly wheel away from the stage to find his wife Oona, a shy, beautiful woman who generally effaces herself behind a pillar. He seems to look to her not so much for advice as for some sort of confirmation. When he speaks to her about a scene between takes, he does it almost as if he were talking to himself. Her constant presence on the set, even and affectionate, seems to have some trick of pulling the knot of his mood.

He keeps the technicians at a distance. They call him "Sir," and if he jokes with them they watch carefully to make sure that they are right to joke back. "Okay, print that," he says once at the end of a take, and then he hears an aeroplane overhead that will probably have wrecked it. "Damn it," he says; not his furious version of the oath, which is an American-accented "God dammit," but an atavistic curse out of his English youth which is practically a pleasantry.

The crew members notice the inflection and deduce that they can freewheel with him for a minute. "There's a humming. Why didn't you tell me?" he goes on to the sound technician with the headphones, giving the start of his wide grin. "Because you were talking, sir," says the sound man daringly, because he is suddenly licensed to. The atmosphere on the set is at its warmest, sunny and trustful. But one take later Chaplin says "Oko" instead of "Okay"—he often pronounces words wrong when he is in a hurry, sometimes even trying to force them into other meanings—and when the crew tentatively kids him about it he ignores them, with an implied rebuke for diverting his attention.

The immediately endearing thing about watching Chaplin work on this picture is the way he goes on laughing at it. He doesn't laugh at the lines in themselves; he laughs at the way they are executed. One has the feeling that when he wrote them he probably wasn't even yet amused.

The chuckles must have come later, when the actors had gone through the lines mechanically, over-emoted, lost their confidence, learned their moves backwards, broken through some sort of actors' sound barrier, and eventually found the work as easy as breathing.

It is ease that always makes him laugh. He keeps saying that this is a *romantic* film, not a comedy. He wants to make a film about love that simply happens to be funny, without anyone in the picture knowing it. "Play for absolute realism, not for comedy," he says again and again. One can see the details of Brando's performance becoming daily smaller and more meticulous, like the movement of a watch. His attention to Chaplin is total. I found it technically enthralling, and often moving.

Brando plays a stuffy American ambassador to Saudi Arabia, travelling from Hong Kong with Sophia Loren embarrassingly stowed away in his stateroom as a dispossessed Russian countess. The Ambassador's wife, played by Tippi Hedren, is an amused loungeur who has been separated from him for two years. She discovers Sophia Loren's bra in his cabin with nothing more than elegant glee that he should have so undiplomatically boobed.

His Excellency is travelling with his valet, Hudson, played by a stone-faced English actor called Patrick Cargill; the valet has to be induced to marry Sophia Loren in order to give her his nationality as a way of getting her through American Immigration. The valet's resistance to marrying the most nubile woman imaginable is very funny. When the subject is broached he behaves as though he has been offered the wrong wine with the fish.

Most of the action happens on the ship. The sniffy valet is given his orders in the sun deck lounge. Before shooting, Chaplin sits on the edge of one of the chairs on the set and listens to Brando and Cargill running through their lines. He mouths most of the dialogue with them unconsciously and keeps making tiny replicas of their movements. When he is rehearsing actors, his muscles often seem to twitch like a dog having a dream. Eventually he nearly always gets up and skims through their moves himself.

"You are an American citizen, aren't you?" says the Ambassador to his valet.

"I've been an American citizen for the last sixteen years," says the valet stiffly, in the most English voice possible. Chaplin laughs at the way he does it. Then the valet is told that he is required to marry Sophia Loren.

"I'd like you to marry her," says the Ambassador.

"Make it very amiable," says Chaplin, sitting with his fingers pressed on to his knees and his palms bent upwards. His arms are very short. The elbows are straight and the position looks braced and ready for flight. When he is searching for a description of a scene, he always looks excited and physically rather as if he were trying to take off. "I'm looking for a word. Almost—quiet there—give them to me. . . ." He beckons to his producer, who prompts him with the lines, and runs through them under his breath to find out what he means. ". . . Disarmingly."

"I'd like you to marry her," says Brando again, so disarmingly that Cargill laughs, but also so lightly that he makes it seem like kidding.

"Don't denote anything on your face. Keep your voice up. Insist on the action." The Ambassador does the line again, bland and clear. It is very funny.

The valet pauses, and then replies: "If I may say so, sir, this is rather sudden."

Chaplin: "More polite. You're disguising your feelings by being very polite."

Cargill says it again.

"But before you clamp down, just a shade of shock on that line of Marlon's, 'I'd like you to marry her.' It lays an egg a little bit." He laughs. "So long as you're not suave. A suavity here would kill the whole scene." This is real comic shrewdness: Most people directing these lines would have thought that unruffled suavity was their basis. Chaplin turns out to be quite right, of course.

It is like the funniness of P. G. Wodehouse's Jeeves. The comic point about the godly servant isn't that he is totally impassive, but that across the immortal calm there is an intermittent flicker of ordinary humanity. The crack in the Olympian surface has to be microscopic, but it can be gigantically expressive. It is a difficult thing for an actor to do without over-signalling. Lazy American comedians now would tend to make the crack a large crevasse; lazy English comedians would leave it out and settle for unbroken haughtiness. Chaplin is patiently insistent about the point. Finally the lines make him laugh.

"When does all this happen, sir?" says the valet to the Ambassador.

"Oh, in about ten minutes," says the Ambassador.

"From now on your mind is racing," says Chaplin to the valet. He says the line himself. "But not at all anxious on the face. Very pleasant." Then he says Brando's line. "'Oh, in about ten minutes.' You put on great *magnaninity* here." This is one of his out-of-focus pronunciations, but Brando sees what he means. Later Chaplin does a variant. "A little more *magnaminity*. 'Oh, in about ten minutes'—you get him married as though you're ordering breakfast."

The extras have to walk across in the background. They have been told exactly where to go and how fast, but everything is fumbled, and Chaplin watches in agony. Some of the extras are old trouts who habitually go to sleep in the armchairs on the set although one of the masters of the cinema is working under their noses. Some of them are bored young hacks who aren't even alert enough to be nervous. They import an atmosphere of crassness and laziness that is sniffed by the members of the crew with instant dislike.

The fact that they have turned up in the wrong clothes is one of the common absurdities of big-budget film making, but it is enough to upset a perfectionist like Chaplin for the morning. "They should be in lovely summery clothes—lovely pale shoes," I hear him saying to himself unhappily between takes. "They look as if they've just got off the 8:17 at Victoria Station," says the amiable cameraman with an edge of irritability.

"Remember your tempos," Chaplin calls out to the extras, who do their jobs again. One group has to saunter, the other to scurry. They manage it eventually, looking as awkward and unreal as any extras in any big studio in the world, which is one of the penalties that Chaplin pays for working under conventional conditions.

The rehearsals for this scene take a long time. Chaplin himself demonstrates a steward's entrance twice, arriving and pivoting exactly on cue, saying "So-so-so-so; so-so-so-so-so-so" as dummy dialogue. It is rather like Toscanini giving an entrance to the triangle player after a hundred and fifty bars of silence.

Eventually the moves harden and become mechanical, which is what he wants. Once the routine is fixed and has started to bore the actors, the comedy begins to emerge. He works from the outside inwards: First the mechanics, then familiarity and physical skill, and after that the right emotions will come. It is the diametric opposite of the Stanislavskian style that has become accepted modern dogma.

"Do that line again, Marlon. 'Oh, in about ten minutes.' Quickly. Take off the fat." The working atmosphere between them is relaxed and easy.

Brando is one of the greatest screen actors in the world and he has been trained in exactly the opposite tradition, but he listens and absorbs with an attention that seems unflawed.

He is doing a close-up shot of the scene now, with the cues given to him by the producer, Jerome Epstein. Brando fluffs twice, saying "hus-band" instead of "Hudson" each time, and the producer starts to get the giggles. Epstein finds himself infected and starts saying words upside down. At the end of the final take Brando squints at Chaplin and laughs, and says to the producer: "Do you want to get some Scotch tape and sew yourself together?"

Epstein is an old associate of Chaplin, and an obvious contributor to the mood of fun that Brando and Loren both sense on the set. His way of giving Chaplin a prompt when the director is signalling for it looks like the result of years, rather like a theatre sister shoving the right instrument into a surgeon's hand. To an outsider Chaplin's "so-so-so" and grabbing fingers aren't at all explicit, but Epstein obviously feels that he should know by instinct the line that he wants, and when his concentration is absorbed enough he does.

The attention that Chaplin demands, and gets, is fierce and total. Where other directors become most inventive by allowing energy to fly outwards, with Chaplin the pull is always towards the centre. He knows exactly what he is doing. When he is shooting a scene he seems to be gently chivying the actors towards something that is already complete in his head.

Like a tug edging a liner away from a quay, he has coaxed the incomparable Brando into a manner that is just faintly at odds with the one he is known by. The sumptuous, time-taking style, spaciouly intelligent behind an opiate gaze, has become smaller, (Continued on page 126)

BELOW, CHAPLIN, WITH SOPHIA LOREN WATCHING, ACTING OUT A SHIP'S CAPTAIN IN A BREAKFAST SCENE IN "A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG."



Have you read any good legs lately?

BY REBECCA WARFIELD

WE READ FACES FOR THE INSIDE STORY ON THE PRIVATE SELF, NOW PERHAPS WE CAN GATHER NEW INFORMATION FROM LEGS. Could The Great Leg Show bomb out? It could if it were just that and no more. If the mystery of what human beings are up to were not involved in it. But it is involved. Maybe there isn't any riddle to read in a pair of socko legs. But what about winner's legs with a loser's walk? Unbeautiful legs that are altogether unflappable? There are disagreeable legs. Apologizing legs. Miserably frightened legs. Legs with the cool nerve of a burglar. We have always known, without knowing how we knew it, that certain legs are packed with emotional content. Why not? Why should the face be the only place angry passions rise? To the brain and nervous system, up there in Message Control, the face is just the nearest address. Legs have been getting personal messages, too. And now that we are seeing a lot of them we will begin to see much more in them. Obviously they just don't stand there. They say something. Some things far more amusing and profound and provocative than merely Zowie.

Legs behave almost exactly the way faces do. In repose they are sometimes shaped by the pulse of our inner feelings with the difference that legs share the result of inner turmoil at any age so that young legs are easier to read than young faces. And in expression-walking, of course, they express an inner style. Legs that tell secrets are usually those of people who keep secrets. Saved-up feelings are the ones that find their way there. What happens is that it's possible, though it by no means always happens, for a very strong surge of unexpressed emotion—powerful anger, hate, envy, or a brutal will to win—to send messages through an enormous network of tiny muscles to the legs, contract and expand the larger muscles there and gradually, subtly, shape them in a certain manner.

Some scientists also hold the theory that nerves have a nutritional power and that the nervous system can—when highly excited and without our conscious will—either starve or stuff our legs or any other part of the body it happens to have in mind at the time. With the heightened awareness of legs, it's not impossible that the brain, when it gets concentrating, might be able, sooner or later, to re-think legs, consciously.

There's very little doubt that if the Leg Age continues, legs will respond in several new ways to all this new attention. They might even take the load of instant response off of faces. Faces have been so frightfully busy all these years, smiling, frowning, wincing, snarling, racing through the whole crowded gamut and faking it too. Is there a *necessary* biological reason why faces should take up this line of work all alone? Charles Darwin was among the first to feel not. He believed that the face was just a *cultural* showcase for emotions. One fine Victorian day, while he was investigating the phenomenon of blushing, "the most peculiar and the most human of all expressions," it struck him that the nervous system sent blushes to the face because the face was *currently* the magnet of all eyes, the medium of attraction between the sexes. "Men and women," he wrote, "and especially the young, have always valued, in a high degree, their personal appearance and the face has been the chief object of attention." But he noted that this wasn't the case in an aboriginal society where man habitually went naked and the whole body received the eye's attention. In this society men and women had been known to blush over their arms, their legs, and their whole bodies. This particular form of emotional fireworks is set off wherever the Self thinks it lives. So it couldn't take too long in our society for the nervous system to notice legs. That day, legs will blush. And it will be a uniquely informative day for leg readers because Darwin also pointed out that not everyone has the special impulse; only a rather rare group with tremendous sensitivity and a high intelligence to match.

In the meantime, legs haven't kept quiet. American legs, for generations, have been walking with a Southern drawl, a crisp New England bite, in Harvard, Bronx, and mashed-potato accents that only the anthropologists have been listening in on. They think legs are highly susceptible to the conditions around them. Everything goes into legs—race, ethnic groups, countries, re- (Continued on page 118)

HAVE YOU WORN ANY GOOD GANDURAHS LATELY?

Gandurah: Arabic word. Meaning a sleeveless, shirtlike, ankle-length dress with lots of flash.

Traditionally worn by Arab women. Adapted by MicMac, swinging boutique in St. Tropez . . . big new thing there. About to be that right here, now. For a start, the two gandurahs, *at right*—red and chrome-yellow tubes in sensational cotton prints from Kenya, with holes cut out for the head, the rest poured over the shoulders . . . marvellous to step into after stepping out of water, to wear any time, all the time, at home. About \$60. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Jewellery: Paco Rabanne. Coiffures: Carita.

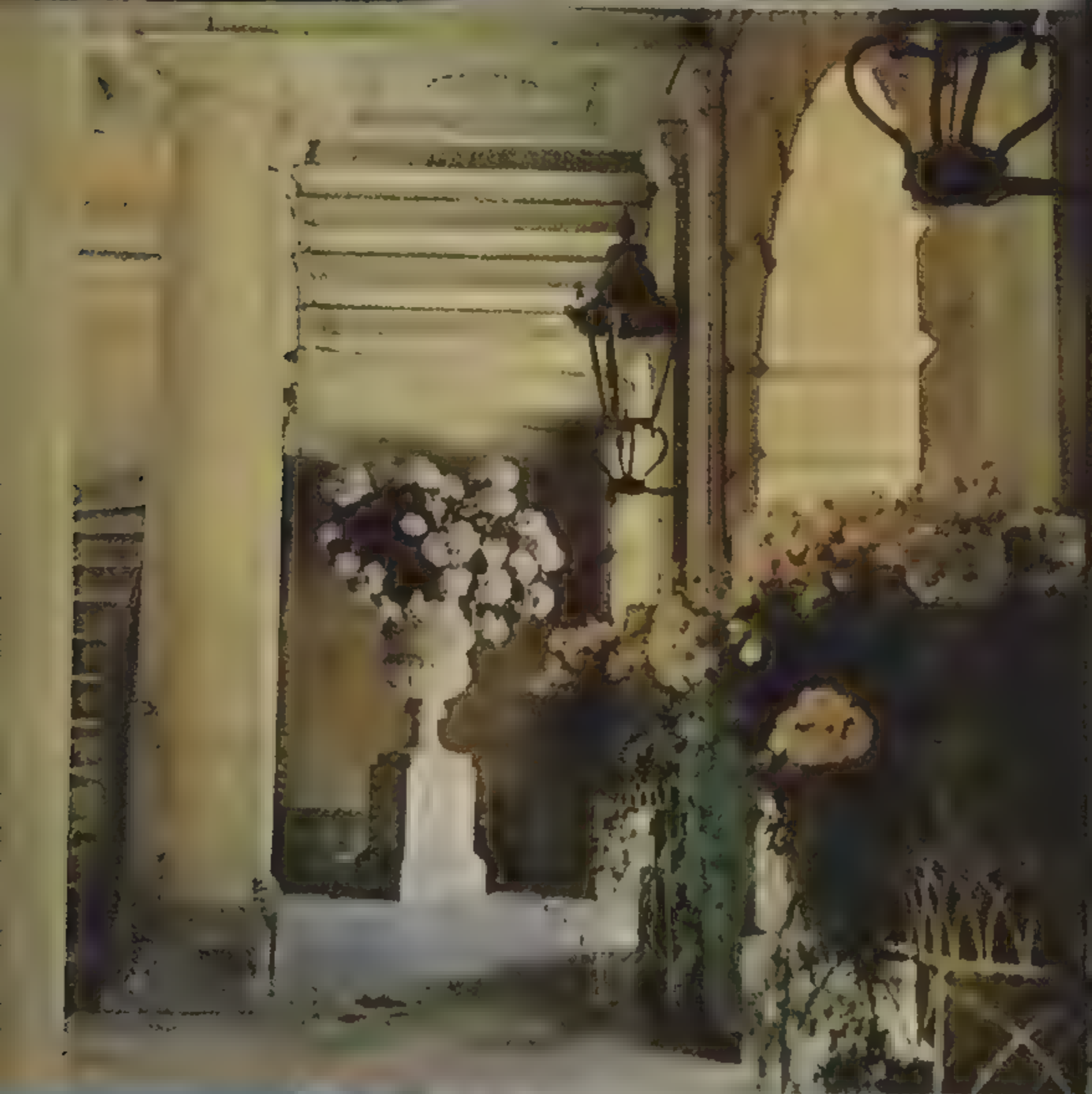


LEG PAINTING: NOW IT BEGINS

Who needs leg makeup? Who needs it is: roughly the same number of women who need makeup foundation for their faces. And for precisely the same reasons, and to much the same effect. . . . They need it to perfect the legs' skin-tone in or out of stockings, whether skirts inch up or down. They need it to make their legs look as smooth as a pair of flying silk ribbons; as unmarred by time as the legs of a ten-year-old girl. They need it to cover a little this or that on calf, thigh, or ankle; to mask a bruise that's slow to fade. . . . And, in truth, they needed it before the current skirt shortage made leg makeup suddenly urgent. . . . Why the time-lag, then? Having watched with year-long fascination Revlon's development of their leg makeup, we can tell you this: body makeup isn't made in a minute. Not if it's to look like skin, with the living lustre of skin. Not if it's to be implacably waterproof. Not if it's *not* to come off on the hems of dresses or the insides of stockings. . . . That it's all been achieved is something you may be well aware of by now (eight skin-tone shades, all in the Stemwear Collection under the banner of Ultima II). . . . What you might not be on to, however, is how best to choose and use the stuff. Our advice is as follows: unless your dearest wish is to fake a suntan, choose a shade that exactly matches your own skin-tone (this means your stockings will perform as always, only better). If you want to improve the landscape around the knees, choose a second shade—one tone lighter than you use elsewhere—and do your knees *pale*. (We don't know where the notion got started that darkened knees are prettier than pale ones; all we know is that standing or seated, knee darkness makes knees more noticeable.) In the case of Stemwear leg complexion makeup, this is vital: work fast. Its slip-on formula dries fastissimo. Work in long strokes (made easy by the sponge-cake applicator that comes with the bottle). Use soap and water when you want to take the makeup off (water alone will get you nowhere). . . . The leg enmeshed in fishnet here has news, right up to the waist: more about it, page 12.









LORD AND LADY ILIFFE'S TRIPLE ENTENTE- COUNTRY, CITY, AND SUN

BY LESLEY BLANCH

The three houses Lord and Lady Iliffe call home are exactly that: Although in violent contrast to each other, all three express the same unifying sense of harmony—of home. An historic country house, in the Anglo-Palladian style, high above the Berkshire reaches of the Thames, a streamlined, plate-glassed apartment overlooking Piccadilly, and a pint-sized sun-trap (nothing of the conventional South of France villa here) overlooking the Mediterranean, at Roquebrune, each tells in its own manner of an unorthodox, entirely personal, and triumphant approach to decoration. No professional decorator has ever devised so much as a pelmet—indeed, Lady Iliffe is apt to do that herself, creating from a job lot of antique fringes and tassels.

Through all three houses a curiously exotic note is sounded. Behind the classicism of Basildon Park, the modernity of the St. James's apartment, and the white-walled simplicity of Roquebrune, there runs a thread of *tropicana*, of languorous, frangipani-scented zephyrs. Looking closer, we see much use of eighteenth-century cane-and-bamboo furniture, Chinese lacquer, a rare pineapple-knobbed bed, matting, muslins—above all, muslins, looped everywhere, except at the windows. And we are reminded that Lady Iliffe was born Renée Merandon du Plessis of Chamerel, Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, where she spent a French childhood, backed by (Continued on page 119)

BASILDON PARK, the Iliffes' English country house.

Far left, top to bottom, Palladian, pillared, the 1776 façade of Basildon, with houseguests off to the Ascot races.

The loggia overlooking "Capability" Brown's reaching park. The main entrance, its austere stonework warmed by greenery and flowers. The park, a sheep's-eye view—tall trees framing the honeyed-stone house in green Berkshire meadow.

Lady Iliffe, *centre*, wearing Indian jewels and Japanese pants of gold silk in her romantic, brick-walled garden.

Near left, top to bottom. In the classic lemon-yellow and tangerine dining room, buffet luncheon during Ascot week.

The drawing room, aerial with scrolled gilt and roseate pillars, sunlit by day, candlelit at night.

Lord Iliffe, right, in the Indian-red library with Lord Roderic Pratt, centre, and Sir Neill Cooper-Key.

Lady Iliffe among the rare roses she cultivates in a circular garden centred with a white Gothick aviary.



BASILDON PARK'S "PIANO NOBILE": The octagon room, *right*, with an eight-sided carpet, claret-red walls, and brocaded curtains from Blenheim Palace; in a jardinière—thought by Lady Iliffe to be an eighteenth-century Italian linen basket—a gardenia bush. *Above*, a corner of the drawing room, an English manor house mix of French marquetry, chinoiserie, and Adam furniture. *Below*, magnificently spread with an early English carpet, the great hall has a scrolled plasterwork ceiling, a gleam of Chinese bronzes, gilt and burnished mahogany doors.



THE ILIFFES' TRIPLE ENTENTE

HENRY CLARKE







IN THE ILIFFES' LONDON FLAT, notes of exotica, *above*. Blue-ceilinged, the dining space is cut from the living room, *top left*, by a superlong white sofa; above the sofa, a march of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain dragons from Hong Kong. All blues and greys, an immense Augustus John painting, "The Tinker's Wedding," covers one white wall in the living room. On the floor, a patterned gold-and-white carpet, gold-fringed. Lady Iliffe at the dining table set for lunch, with bamboo armchairs cushioned in marine blue, with an echo of blue in the abstract canvas. In a corner of the living room, a basketry chair beside a tall, tropical moraceous tree; rattan blinds filtering grey London light to sunbeams.

"LA TOUR," the Iliffes'

Mediterranean sun-trap, above a plunge of flowered, palm-spiked levels, *near right*, has a condor's view of the grape-blue sea and Monte Carlo.

The sun-freckled terrace, *far right*, where tables are set for a hillside garden luncheon. Lady Iliffe blends the Midi constant of metal chairs on a pale gravel floor with small tables covered in the vivid saffron-yellow cloth worn by Japanese Buddhist monks—all in a framework of lacy shade and yellow marigolds blooming in dense foliage.



THE ILIFFES' TRIPLE ENTENTE





“LA TOUR,” cliff-hanging above the Mediterranean with a long blue view from every room, is, for the Iliffes, a retreat to sun and sea. The living room, *right*, cool with Provençal tiles and walls of whitewashed innocence, has sea-green sofas, a pedestal lamp shaded with split bamboo made from the garden *canisse*, and fresh touches of straw work in the rug, the flower hamper, market panniers, and Lord Iliffe’s collection of battered sun hats. In a small, sun-blazed room off a terrace, *top above*, Lady Iliffe put jungly faux-leopard on the divan, a fluff of real fur on the tiled floor. *Left above*, a Haitian primitive, a stumpy little Van Gogh chair in front of a tin washstand in a bedroom opening to its own palmy patio. Another monastic room, *right above*, reached through a secretive passage banked in potted fern and flowers.

THE ILIFFES’ TRIPLE ENTENTE



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



ORATOR WOODWARD

Schussing snow thoughts.

What looked coolest on St. Anton's ski runs—could do the same in Portillo right now: See-it-a-mile-away fluorescent nylon ski parkas. Spotted: A screaming, hurt-your-eyes green one, worn with matching colour cotton head scarf, purple stretch pants. . . . Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes's light-up nylon parka was the orange-red colour of car-bumper stickers. She wore it cinched at the waist with a belt—with peat-moss-brown pants. . . . **Rome:** **The latest craze:** Enamel band rings. All different colours. On every finger, five or six to each finger. . . .



Summer: Cooling it, in St. Tropez, in Acapulco.

It was down St. Tropez way (at the Café des Artistes Boutique, left), that Louise McGregor slipped into her spiderweb of a sweater—whispery strands of silver threads knitted to fit—to wear with hipsters. And it was down Mexico way (above) that Louise located the beautifully made, brief bikinis that are beautiful on the same kind of girl. Made to measure in a day or two. In bright green, orange; or pink, lemon, blue, cotton prints. Some have face-shielding hats to match. All come with matching covering shifts. All \$25, more or less. From Boutique El Jacal, Quebrada 79, Acapulco. . . .



It's hot, hot! And the music doesn't stop!



JACK ROBINSON

Some girls were clinging on for dear life (above). And Marisa Berenson (right), couldn't stop gyrating her glistening, pailletted black and white stripes. That's what a



session at "Cheetah," New York's newest discothèque does to folks—it's an Andy place . . . 1680 Broadway. . . .

Tying up a George can be an adventure every day.

After all, part of the fun of wearing your hair this way is choosing the ribbon to clasp it back. A marvellous place to choose: Hyman Hendler & Sons—a huge, old-fashioned neighbourly store—counters and counters containing reels and reels and more reels of ribbon—thick, "good-hand" grosgrain—picot-edged—or even better, Roman striped; 35c to 75c a yard. Smooth, thick-as-cream, double-faced satin, every imaginable colour, \$1.50 a yard. Ribbon should be at least one and one-half inches wide—preferably a little over a yard long. Hyman Hendler, 67 W. 38th Street. . . .

Seaside pants—after the sailor.

Navy-blue French wool, slight bell to the bottom—three tucks and three brass buttons to emphasize the swell; to order, \$60. To wear with a skin-clinging white-and-navy stripe ribbed sweater. \$40. All part of a collection of super French imports at T. Jones's newest boutique, 15 West 57th Street. . . . In from Italy, pants of sturdy cotton, buttoned in front like the sailors'. Hand-printed in a brushy-stroke plaid, raspberry icy colour. Comes with a matching cotton jersey T-shirt. Together, \$60. Kico Sea & Ski Boutique, 1190 Third Avenue. . . . **Sharp and clear as the windowpane** is the print of white lines neatly etched on truer-than-life grass green cotton duck, the renowned Mari-mekko fabric. Cut into ship-sharp-shape hipsters. \$36. Design Research, 53 East 57th Street. . . .



Summer: Cool it. Calm it. Soften it. Whiten it.

That's what Penny Kavanagh's doing—summering in whites, collected at the boutiques. . . . The shivering shift of frosted white voile (above left)—simple, squared away like windowpanes. \$90. Mad Jacs, 543 Third Avenue. . . . The ripples of white, white lace circling the knee-high trapeze to wear over a body stocking, \$65. At Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th Street. . . . The trig, trim, just-right bikini—white batiste flock-dotted with apple green (not shown—its hooded, sleeveless, Empire-waisted cover-up); \$65. From Alice Schweitzer's new boutique, Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue. . . .



"Now, Mrs. Holzer, what would you like to say about July?"

"Well," says Baby Jane, "I like summer city clothes that you don't have to wear too much under . . . a body stocking and waist-high fishnet stockings. . . . Some baby-doll dresses are too blaah—the print—you know? This one, though (right) is a good one . . . groovey!" (White dotted dimity, printed in big splashes of black, brown, taupe; \$35) . . . "And not just any old cutout dress—some aren't cut out enough—you know? This one—it's right!" (Right, below: black lightning streaks on white duck—the back almost bare above the waist. \$65.) Both of these Mrs. Holzer found at Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th St. where they're also making her a "long-sleeved, high-necked, Gibson Girly dimity to wear weekends in Southampton—conservative, you know." And why is Baby Jane in the city this summer—at least during the week? "Well, there's the film I'm involved in—*Play Me No Blues*; and I'm cutting records for ATCO." . . .

JACK ROBINSON



"Peel me a grape, Lucy.

Instead of fastening them to your ears (left). What? Oh. But they look good enough to eat—feel as plumbly, squishy as the real things. But of course! They *are* earrings." Perfect ones for a plummy beauty like Lucy Saroyan—with apricot-y blond, long fringed hair, pale vintage-white wine complexion, dusted with rosé freckles. Lucy, aspiring actress, found her ear-line grapevines, \$6.50, at Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St. . . .

What is a nicer summer sight than a bikini?

A boutique stashed full of fresh new ones. And the good-cut ones—trim, brief brassières, varying degrees of brief bottoms, nifty, crispy, cotton prints. From Italy. Between \$22 and \$25. At Kico Sea & Ski Boutique, 1190 Third Avenue. . . . **Oh, Ken Scott, what did we do before you** came into our lives, designing those beautiful, glorious, brimful of colour, flower, fauna prints—splashed on clinging silk jersey—cut into blowy, ankle-length tent shifts—or wide, floppy-legged palazzo pyjamas. \$160 to \$210 at Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



Miss Bibi von Winkelhorn delivers her lecture on the poncho.

Now follow closely (above, left to right), as Miss von Winkelhorn expounds. "Yes. There is *no* question about it. The poncho is absolutely the best beach cover for turtle complex people. What? Of course you can curl up in it. Oops—ahhh, there! And then you see, you can pull this big turtle neck up over your face. Getting up? Oh it's really very simple. And you can *still* be a turtle—after all they have little legs too, don't they?" Miss von Winkelhorn's turtle-poncho (\$65) executed by Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th St. . . .



JACK ROBINSON

Rome: Finalmente!

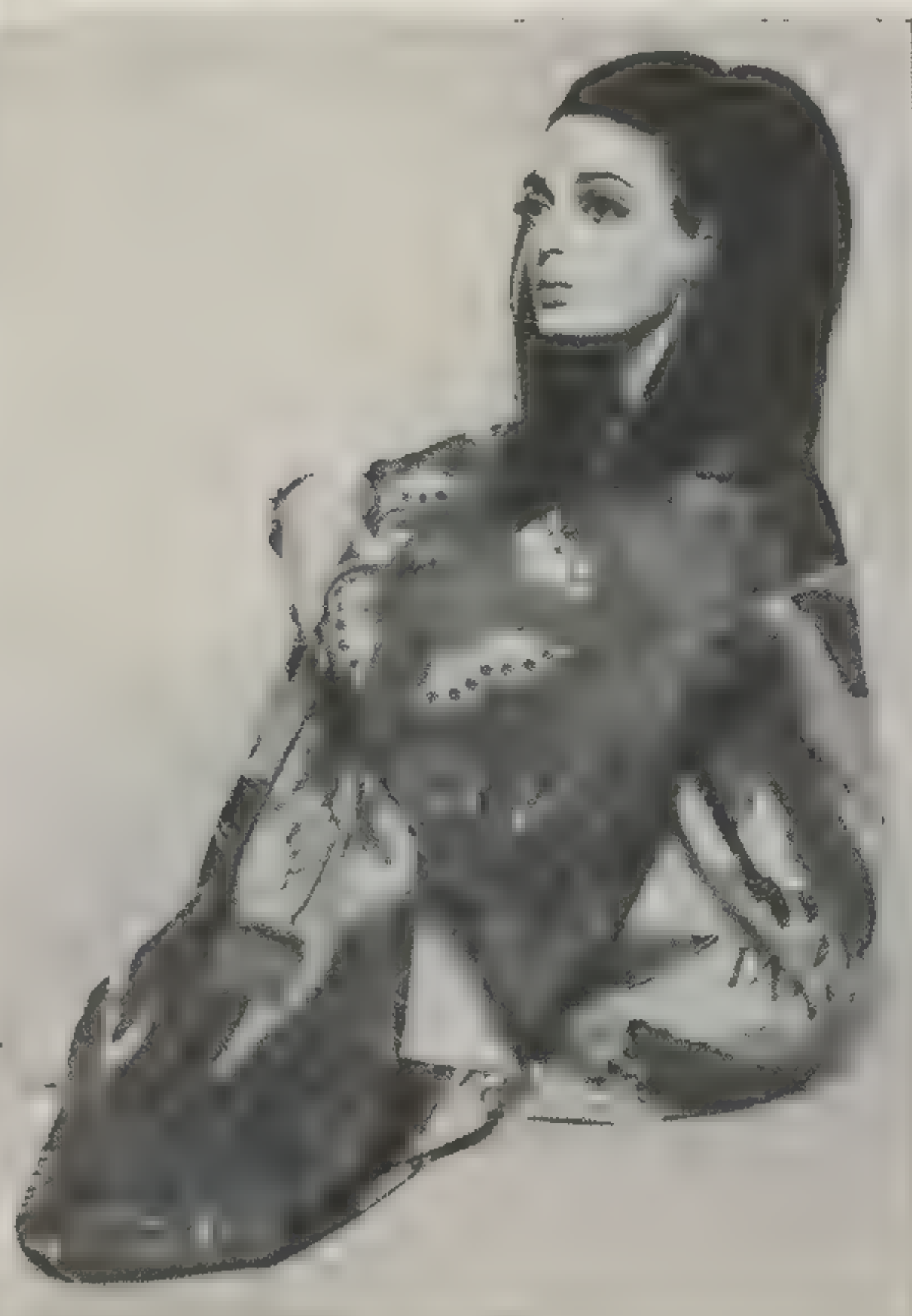
A boutique for the bunnies.



RASTELLI

The hour: 6 P.M. The place: The Piper Market, Piazza Euclide (right). The décor: airplane hangar, flashing lights, plain pipe-rack style. The prices: incredibly inexpensive—\$4 and up. The crowd: tremendously young, young, young, young . . . buying everything from vinyl boots, T-shirts to transparent dresses. Rome's first real swinging boutique off to a success. . . .

Is the fabric African? Does it wrap?



That's the best new fashion to have. The caftan to curl up in (above). \$35. And (left), egads! It's just a pair of elongated bloomers, sashed to the waist with another African print! \$30. Both at Allen & Cole's new boutique, 150 E. 54th St. . . .

"They were the prettiest dresses! Only \$3.98."

That was the report from Palm Springs, California—a comment from one of the country's chicest women—on what the bath attendants at the spa are wearing: straight little sleeveless shifts—neatly made, fully lined, a bit of a detail piping here, a discreet ruffle there—of brilliant, flowery prints—every day a new one. Where they come from—the lingerie department of J. C. Penney (Penney has 1,700 stores across the nation). They cost from \$3.98 to \$7.98. Our correspondent stocked up on them. . . .



The high-Atlas beauty.

Glimpsed on a postcard sent from Casablanca. Her name? She's only identified as "femme du Moyen Atlas." (But her silver jewellery is linked, in the manner of Paco Rabanne.) . . .

"The better to hide from you my dear."

Absolutely super mock-tortoise-framed, yellow tinted glasses—deep as binoculars, completely shielding the eyes on the sides. Great bug-eyed look for the beach. Actually, they're safety shooting glasses designed in France as protection for hunting in populated areas. \$59.50. Write to Hunting World, 420 E. 51st St. Immediate delivery. . . .

Pillow-slip shifts—white Indian cotton delicately embroidered like bed linen—dotted here and there with tiny mirrors—cut as simply as a pillowcase, with elbow-deep puffy sleeves. Marti Huber makes them, and they cost about \$35 at Seventh Heaven Boutique, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

*How fast can you get into
this hair shape?*



HOGENBOOM

No more wanted way to wear the hair than this, the good Geo. Washington peruke, modelled above by an agreeable wig block. No more frustrating way to covet the look than with hair that's going to take several more inches and a bundle of months to reach this length. The one here takes minutes, hair long or brief: A human-hair wig combined at front with one's own hair, trapped at nape with a ribbon that you change in accordance with what moves you. Arranger of above: Fashion Tress, bellwethers in wiggery and hairpiecery, whose chief hair stylist, Stanley Williams, directs the new Fashion Tress school in wigmanship. Above coif: snap course in the curriculum.



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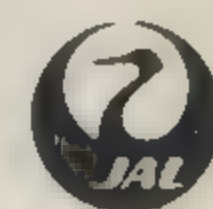
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Change-overs

(Continued from page 63)

change-over from typography and wheel to the world of the electric circuit is manifested by the disappearance of the "story line" in the arts and in other areas as well. For example, it has disappeared in the world of the joke, and of popular humour to a great extent. The story line has disappeared from the recent forms of movie, whether it is the work of Fellini, or Vanderbeek, or Warhol, or Bergman. Oddly enough, the disappearance of the story line creates a much higher degree of involvement for the viewer or reader. The discovery of this means of involving the audience had been made more than a century ago by symbolist poets. Edgar Allan Poe had used the same technique in his invention of the detective story. By the use of scrambled time sequences, the detective story requires the reader to be coauthor. When the telegraph entered journalism, it was quickly discovered that no story line could accommodate the total field of information produced at instant speeds.

The newspaper has only one unifying factor: a dateline. There are no connections between any of the items in a newspaper, save on the editorial page which retains the story line and point of view of the book. In an electric world it is not only the story line that disappears, but also the clothes line, and the stag line, and the party line.

The alternative to a story line, and to the art of connecting events, is the art of the interval. Oriental art doesn't use connections, but intervals, whether in the art of flower arrangement or in the poetry of Zen Buddhism. The Western world first intuited the onset of the electric age and the change-over to the art of the interval in symbolism, on one hand, and the primacy of musical structures, on the other hand. Walter Pater had observed the tendency for all the arts to approach the condition of music, that is to say, the art of timing and of interval.

James Joyce in *Finnegans Wake* took over the art of the interval as a means of retrieving the fantastic wealth of percep-

tion and experience that is stored in ordinary human language. As used by Joyce, the dispensing with the story line became the means of instant grasp of complex wholes, whether in phrases like "casting his perils before swains," or "Jung and easily Freudant," or "though he might have been more humble there's no police like Holmes."

Insights are like humour, in being both instant and total. The eureka moment of scientific discovery has a structure very much like the joke and the quip. It is a moment of interface or encounter between seemingly unrelated events.

If the story line has disappeared from much art and humour and social organization, this fact has received much attention and popularity in the art form called the Happening. The Happening is an artistic event of all-at-onceness in which there is no story line. It nearly resembles the newspaper and also the ordinary human environment. To put a tomato can in the Guggenheim Museum or to bring the unintended noises of the ordinary environment into the concert hall is an important way of announcing that in the electric age we must begin to consider the environment itself as an art form. We approach a time when the total human situation must be considered as a work of art.

This is taken for granted by the makers of space capsules. The capsule has to include the planet, as it were, in order to be usable. Buckminster Fuller has observed that the capsule is the first completely designed human environment. The capsule thus brings us close to the state of the Balinese, who are puzzled by our concept of art. They say: "We have no art, we do everything as well as possible."

The world of the Happening announces that our involvement in the conditions of life on this planet is such that we must begin to do, not some things, but everything as well as possible. We are approaching the condition of King Oedipus of Thebes. Thebes was a tribal society, and when the King set about investigating the responsibility for misery and disorder he found out that *he* was the criminal.

Under electric conditions the

seamless web of human involvement becomes as obvious to specialized men as to tribal men. An electric world is an all-at-once world. That is to say, the world in which the meaning is a Happening. Back in the 1920's there used to be much concern about the "meaning of meaning." At that time the discovery that meaning was not statement so much as the simultaneous interaction of many things came as an exciting surprise.

When I say that "the medium is the message" I am merely stating the fact that "meaning" is a Happening, the multitudinous interplay of events. I have found sometimes that it helps to say "The medium is the message," because the medium is a complex set of events that roughly handles and works over entire populations. It changes their postures and their outlook.

* * *

The "safety car" is another curious example of change in mood. For decades the world had accepted the car as a great improvement over the horse and the cart. The car developed new power and autonomy. Suddenly, however, a new image of the car has emerged. It has begun to take on the lurid aspect of what Harley Parker, the painter, has called the "carsophagus." What seems to be changing is the general feeling for the car as it makes its impact on the audience, or the environment.

If the car is seen, not as an isolated fact, but as a Happening, as something that has many hideous consequences, then people suddenly feel the need to include the consequences in the object itself. The safety car has to be designed like the safety pin. Instead of just being pointed outwards, it folds back into itself. Even the driver is provided in the safety car with a padded cell to remind him that he is a potential killer.

Like modern art, the safety car is designed to include the public both as audience and as participant. The safety car is a modern art form in that it is not just sent out into the environment hopefully, but it includes the environment and the effect of the car on the environment as part of its design.

A great headache of our time

as expressed in the popular philosophy of Existentialism, centres on the question: "Who am I?" In a world of electric all-at-onceness, as everybody begins to include everybody else, many people are inclined to feel that they have lost their private identity altogether. Instead of feeling enriched, they feel deprived. Fifty years ago, a man could say with pride and confidence: "I am a Hungarian, I am a dentist, I have six kids." That would have served as a card of identity in the past, but today such classifications do not seem acceptable as a means of identity. It is quite common to hear undergraduates today explain: "We are not job-oriented. We simply want to know what's going on." They seem to reject the idea of job as a form of identity, or a mark of significance. Instead, they want rôles.

The job as a kind of organization of work is a highly specialized and repetitive activity. It had been preceded by the rôle, and today the rôle is returning as a replacement for the job. A man, say a top executive,

doesn't have a job; he has fifty jobs, sixty jobs—that's a rôle. A mother doesn't have a job; she has sixty jobs—that's a rôle.

In the electric age when all forms of activity have become interrelated, job specialism begins to look precarious and vulnerable. "Come into my parlour," said the computer to the specialist. Rôles = depth = involvement = commitment, while the old job tended to represent classification and noninvolvement. In effect, instant circuitry abolishes the world of the specialized job in the sphere of work, much as it abolishes the separate subject in the sphere of learning. Indeed, in the information environment, work and learning become the same kind of action.

Bonanza, a TV show seen by 350 million people each week in sixty-two different countries, is the perfect instance of the rear-view mirror image. It is the latest suburban world seeing itself in terms of the previous nineteenth-century environment. The ideal image that the suburb forms of itself relates not to our

time, but the preceding time. This is not a freak situation but a deeply ingrained human habit. Whenever we encounter a new situation, we translate it back into a previous situation as best we can.

The human need to learn by going from the familiar to the unfamiliar, brings us into a trap whereby we are unable to make direct contact with the unfamiliar except by pretending that it is something we have already experienced. The consequences of this form of self-deception were severe enough in simpler ages when events moved at a relatively slow pace. In our instant age the rear-view mirror approach is as impractical and pointless as it would be in a space capsule. One of the effects, therefore, of the great speedup of change in human arrangements is well expressed in the popular saying, "If it works, it's obsolete."

By the same token, backward countries can now leapfrog out of the dimmest human pasts into the twentieth century. This is actually happening and the meaning of it can be quite varied. For

example, the West Coast never had a nineteenth century. It leapfrogged out of the eighteenth century into the twentieth century. This gave it much greater contact with the twentieth century than it could have had if, like Chicago, it had had a nineteenth century. For the nineteenth century was the great period of specialized and classified organization of human work and experience.

It is therefore very difficult for nineteenth-century countries to come to terms with the twentieth century. The Establishment, whether in law, education, or politics is highly bureaucratized and fragmented in accordance with the best achievements of literacy and mechanical industry. The Establishment, as it encounters the twentieth century, forms a splendid image of the nineteenth century by which to orient itself.

It is a kind of alluring and *Bonanza* image that the Establishment has of itself. David Dortort, the producer of *Bonanza*, told me recently that in
(Continued on page 117)



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On Braniff's bird-bright flight to Peru

Wild strawberries and roses grow on the heights of Machu Picchu where the silent, unshakable Inca ruins slope up a crest of land almost pinched off by a twist of the Urubamba River fourteen hundred feet below. What the Incas left, and the Yale professor Hiram Bingham found, and Peru protects, looks like a tourist's cloud-castle, so beautiful, right, and unthinkable it is.

If a traveller who first saw Machu Picchu thirty-five years ago had not insisted a few weeks ago that nothing has changed, anyone who has flown on Braniff International might believe that the staff of this airline had planted the strawberries on Machu Picchu. Given the necessity, they would. When Braniff, which recently started nonstop flights to Lima and flew down the Vogue team to produce pages 74-85 in this issue, does something, the scale is grand.

In Lima, Braniff's President Harding Lawrence recently told Fernando Belaunde-Terry, President of Peru, that Braniff hopes to make Peru the top tourist spot of the world. Shortly before, President Belaunde, a greyly handsome, amusing, and admired man, had said: "I don't think the Alliance for Progress is growing as fast as Braniff."

He got a laugh from his listeners in the arena-sized, darkly panelled State Dining Room with its ranks of high-backed, stamped-leather chairs, and tables covered with relief maps and models of Peruvian housing developments undertaken by this architect President. He got a laugh, but he more than joked. Peru hangs like a cherry waiting

By Kate Lloyd

for the tourist bird.

Desert, jungle, mountains, sea, gold, Indians, church bells, ruins: "You can have anything you want in this big stairway of the Andes," said President Belaunde. The flight from Lima to Cuzco, with clouds breaking like reefers on harsh, snow-browed peaks of mountains, and the patterns of past civilizations, drawn first in brown coastal desert sands, and later on terraced mountains, suggests the sweep of the touristically possible: the bony desert digs of Paracas; the Chimú city of Chan Chan; the oases of attractive sea resorts; the Andean Lake Titicaca from which come the delicious salmon trout which are the colour and taste of salmon, but better, less fat.

To stub the senses on Cuzco, Machu Picchu, and Lima in one week is as startling as to switch from Stonehenge to London, or from the Grand Canyon to New York. There is no relevance.

Cuzco: over 11,000 feet high in the Andes, with air pure, rare, as intensely blue as the Texas bluebonnets that grow on the mountains. Surprising things appear at these heights: tall Australian eucalyptus trees, Scottish broom, and white Indian corn with kernels as large as poker chips (to be eaten on the cob with a slab of Cheddar-ish cheese or made into a drink called chicha, like half-brewed beer).

Cuzco is a town for leisure, for lovers, for "slowing around" in. The historical exclamation points deserve sight-seeing, but Cuzco deserves more: Days of piercing air and grappling sun, picnics with Peruvian Ocucaje white wine on grass cropped by long-lashed alpacas above valleys with orange-tile-roofed, purplish adobe houses. Cold sudden nights with churches lighted and the young, sturdy folklore dancers performing their limpy, shuffle steps to the wistful yet rooty-toot mountain music. (An Indian said of his broken flute, "It doesn't cry any more." For the Indians, music cries.)

From Cuzco to Machu Picchu is a three-hour, narrow-gauge ride in a one-car train. Wise travellers would reserve

seats 59 and 60 with nothing but a window between themselves and the landscape changing from the great Anta Plain, which at this mountain height looks unreasonably like French countryside with cattle, small walled farms, poplars and willows, to the descending gorge of the Urubamba with its cacti, orchids, wild geraniums, and plunging mountain walls overlooked by the glare-ice peak of Mount Veronica.

Sensible people go through Machu Picchu first with a guide, which is as practical and boring as reading the instructions before using a machine. After luncheon in the small, bleak, but serviceable hotel, they return singly to wander, and climb, and jell over with joy.

At some point Machu Picchu stops seeming like an overdone postcard and clicks into focus, magnificent. Sitting on a terrace wall eating wild fruit and recognizing a weed that grows in New York backyards. Click. Starting for one implausible moment to walk to Cuzco on the green Inca highway with monstrous grey stone walls stepped along one side. Click.

After Machu Picchu, Lima is the flipside of Peru. A major, international city with everything, including a Chinese restaurant, that an international city takes, plus a lacing of Spanish Colonial good looks. If cities have up and down spells, Lima's seem up and running; streets broadened; the confections of wood-balconied houses restored, and, among the young powers, a kinetic sense of constructive action reminiscent of Washington in the early Kennedy years.

A clean, open, grey-and-white city, Lima has enough good restaurants and pleasant hotels. The Gran Hotel Bolivar, for instance, has over its round, columned lobby a decorated glass dome like an enormous Tiffany lampshade and, downstairs, a nostalgic nightclub which might have been frozen in amber in the late 1940's.

Lima has, too, superlatives: The handsome, low, white museum holding Raymond Larca Herrera's more than 40,000

pieces of Peruvian pottery, with, in a special wing, a collection of erotica which seems more cheerful than alarming. The unsurpassed collection of almost 5,000 pieces of Peruvian gold, blazingly mounted and lighted in the underground vault rooms of Miguel Mujica Gallo at his house in a lawn-carpeted eucalyptus glade.

Next to these two private collections, Lima's Archeology and Anthropology Museum would look like dusty fits and starts if it were not for a guide named Helga who clearly thinks, when she talks about ancient peoples, that they are all her best friends.

Prices in Lima seem a little askew. A taxi to the exactly thought-out, working-farm restaurant Granja Azul, in the country, can be had and held for about two dollars an hour. Yet lunch in a good restaurant may be as expensive as its New York equivalent. An acceptable hair wash and set is less than four dollars, with tip. A middling car, since all are imported, costs six thousand dollars.

The variations in Peruvian food are equally abrupt. At Le Pavillon, possibly Lima's best restaurant, *cebiche de corvina*, or sea bass marinated in the juice of bitter oranges, is tender, delicate, altogether good. So, everywhere, is the cold, pepper-hot *salsa criolla*, of chopped cucumbers, *aji* peppers, and parsley in vinegar.

The famous white brandy, pisco, tastes rather like prunelle. Yerba Luisa, a fresh, lemon-verbena tea is the same clear yellow as one of Peru's minor misfortunes, Inca Kola, a bottled soft drink that tastes like cream soda with pineapple flavouring.

The lasting impression of Peru is one of walls: ancient ruined walls, new development walls, walls within walls. The national sport, instead of bullfighting, football, or soccer, might be building walls. The pleasure of Peru is that nowhere is there the feeling that these walls forbid. They welcome, invite, surround, which is, at its foundation, Peru's message to travellers from the United States.

Change-overs

(Continued from page 115)

Nairobi, in Africa, a strange little boy was found wandering. When questioned as to where he had come from, he said that he had come to Nairobi to meet Mr. Cartwright, and he said: "Because I have seen him on TV and I know he can help me." Dortort thought this was a very touching testimonial to his program and I think it is, too.

After all, *Bonanza* is not a depraved or misbegotten type of entertainment. It is a compassionate and noble program. But it is unmistakably a rear-view mirror image, not specially suited to a fast-moving situation.

In many of the countries of the world *Bonanza* must look like a science-fiction promise of great things to come. But its meaning for twentieth-century Americans is rather different. The advantage of leapfrogging out of the eighteenth century into the twentieth century, as the West Coast has tended to do, lies in the greater flexibility of imaginative approach to problems. People who merely moved out of the nineteenth century into the twentieth century are less endowed with imaginative power. Moreover, as *Bonanza* shows, we, who have gradually emerged from the nineteenth century into the twentieth century, are strongly inclined to leapfrog back into the nineteenth century. The astronaut in Bonanzaland may feel friendly and at home, but he can't avoid looking like a great big teenager doing a makeup year in elementary school. It is not a course fraught with exciting opportunities.

Today we would seem largely to be reading childish forms of science fiction, occupying a childish world that is in actual fact far more fantastic and exciting than anything dreamed of in science fiction. In our rapidly changing environment, one technology succeeds another every few months almost. For example, colour TV is a new technology, a new medium, not just the adding of colour to the old TV medium. One way in which we can recognize the arrival of a new form is to notice its power to revive old forms.

Batman is an example. As a revival of a comic book entertainment of a few years ago, it would seem to be a response to the novelty of colour TV. The mask-like image of Batman has many of the iconic characteristics of Byzantine art. Colour TV gives new stress to the tactile sciences, as compared with black-and-white TV. The world of the comic book and of the cartoon is multi-sensuous rather than just "visual."

* * *

If new environments, created by new technology, tend to turn the old one into an art form, it would be well to think about the meaning of our satellite environment today. When TV went around the old movie environment, it turned the movie into an art form. When the satellites went around the earth, they not only began to turn TV into an art form, in its turn, but they began to turn the planet itself into an art form. In the years that lie ahead, we shall see the old nose cone, the earth, being given all the care and grooming that we have accorded to Williamsburg. This is always the fate of old environments when surrounded by new ones.

Eventually people will return to the planet as the old "stamping ground," the place where all began. Was it not Adlai Stevenson who said Plymouth Rock should have landed on the Pilgrims? When TV ceases to be the latest environment and becomes the content of the new satellite environment, we will stop trying to deal with it as if it were some kind of movie. The world of so-called Pop Art has been handed to us, as it were, by the new satellite environment. Pop Art is not a new environment of electric information, but the old mechanical environment suddenly observable as an art form.

But Pop Art is an indication that as the whole planet goes inside a new satellite-and-information environment made by man, we can no longer afford to deal with the human habitat as something given to us by Nature. We have now to accept the fact and responsibility that the entire human environment is an artifact,

an art form, something that can be staged and manipulated like show biz.

In his book *Propaganda* Jacques Ellul has pointed out that propaganda does not consist of little separate messages moving through any one medium. Propaganda is the entire way of life in action. "Propaganda ends," he said, "when dialogue begins." We have now to begin a dialogue with our total human environment. We have now to arrange for the media to talk to each other instead of complaining about people who put the programs on the media.

Current discussion of media programming seems to take the line that it is the hot-dog vendors at the ball game who decide what kind of ball game we are going to see. We now have reached the stage when we must cope, not with the content of environments, but with the environments themselves. The James Bonds of our time are mythic ways of telling us that in the electric age man has returned to the status of the hunter. The hunter had been succeeded by the planter, the stationary specialist. The hunter had dealt with his entire environment as a totally unified thing. This is a natural course for man in the electric age.

Man, the hunter—the new electric man—is a man who crosses boundaries and who tries to deal with the total human environment as a single unit. This is a new strategy born of a new situation. It helps to explain the strange importance of the newspaper reporter, the man who tries to deal with an entire world. It also helps to explain something that has mystified me for years. Why does real news have to be bad news? Advertising is all good news, and it doesn't seem to serve the function of news at all.

Is not bad news the order of interface and encounter? On the other hand, is not good news simply a one-way flow, lacking all encounter and interface? May this not help to explain why the poet and the artist, those who sharpen our perceptions, tend to be antisocial types who refuse to go along with the main currents and trends?



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Leg Reading

(Continued from page 98)

gions, social groups (coolly tossing the word "class" around—lower-class London, middle-class Paris, upper-class Philadelphia—anthropologists often sound like the worst kind of snobs until their crystal objectivity proves them blameless and makes objections seem only prudish). The strides of special occupations often show up in legs—such enterprises as log-rolling, rice-gathering, riding prairies, working on Madison Avenue. It will be quite entertaining to watch the well-known, nervously self-confident Madison Avenue walk crop up in the next generation. And it will crop up. Because the anthropologists are unanimous in believing that the way young children learn to walk—a tough act to follow—is by mimicking someone around them, usually a parent. This is the trick that has created that old fallacy of "the inherited walk which runs in a family." Actually it's copycats that run in families.

But legs are surprising. They move in fashions, secretly follow certain patterns, secret even to them. At times they perform a minuet as carefully structured and as complicated as the courtship dance of the wood pigeon. Who me? Yes, you. The students of kinesics (the study of body motion communication) constantly undertake research of an intensely fractionalized complexity to track down these patterns. Lately, under the direction of Dr. Ray Birdwhistell, field workers completed what must have been a rather hilarious assignment. They set out to discover how the American young (children mature out of certain attitudes, older people mature into them) were behaving in the process of attracting each other. They measured every tiny flutter of arms and legs and hips. What were legs doing? Well, apparently, a large number of young girls seated across from boys who caught their eye obeyed rules they didn't even know were in effect. The report informs us that: "American females when sending gender sig-

nals [I'm a girl] and/or as a reciprocal to male gender signals [I'm a boy] bring the legs together, at times to the point that the upper legs cross, either in a full leg cross with feet still together, the lateral aspects of the two feet parallel to each other. Or in standing, knee over knee." And the young man? The report says only, "In contrast, the American male stance is one in which the intrafemoral [thigh-bone] index ranges up to a ten- or fifteen-degree angle." Ask an anthropologist a simple question and you get a measurement.

Ordinarily Dr. Birdwhistell is poetic. He believes that our bodies "carry on a dialogue that goes across time." The tongue talks about today but the body remembers yesterday and together they act out the whole true story. For instance, legs that belong to a beauty may have learned right from the start that beauty is considered an unforgiveable eccentricity and long ago decided to be ugly. Maybe by walking awkwardly. The opposite could be true of someone with an unprepossessing face early determining to get out the vote some other way. Almost every movement that flags the eye is a paragraph or two from the inextinguishable spark within.

Have you seen an indecisive person walk as though he was going to catch the last plane out? If the person is truly indecisive, it may be that this walk is a wish. On the other hand, the real movers and shakers seldom shuffle along. Blank legs and an unexceptional way of walking make a statement, too—self-containment. It's the absolute norm that's dull to read. And maybe not worthwhile. In the scientist's opinion, a graceful walk is just as offbeat as a gangly one, because it's a departure from the norm. Apparently the norm always lacks charm.

How can leg reading be practical? One kinesicist believes that we should all become "folk diagnosticians to better understand ourselves and others." But we are amateurs. Some legs are misleading. Some legs are impenetrable. And no legs are able to reel off a full-length analysis. But leg reading can fill one long-felt need, it can back up a hunch.

Everyone has had at least one blinding E.S.P. about another person and not felt secure enough to tell whether it was 18-karat instinct or only gold-plated fantasy. The legs can be Checkpoint Charlie. You can check your hunch. If they corroborate it, you can feel that you have been *right*. And that's an important feeling.

Several pairs of case-history legs walking around the Eastern seaboard of the U. S. show how the Checkpoint Charlie system works. For instance, there are two young women, in the middle of the public eye, whose charm of manner is so stupendous that observers feel it would take at least five years' acquaintance to discover their deadly destructiveness. But it takes only a second to see how angry their legs are. Each has the same, an indignant bunching of the muscles below the calf just where the flesh should melt against the bone. If some of the wounded had been able to check in here, they could have read the message: "Stand back, this one will kick you whenever she gets the chance." There's another young woman, charming in quite a different way, so unassertively pleasant that it's astonishing to see Little Miss Muffet get off her tuffet and walk away with such nervy self-confidence that no one in miles could miss her strong sense of inner purpose. Anyone can check with her record of accomplishment—it's brilliant.

The Body Motion Communicators have never investigated a young Fashion editor who is playing right into their hands. She's someone who has a thing about travelling, she is crazy about it. And a thing about languages—can't get her tongue around any of them. She has surprised herself by moving into a definitely different style of walking whenever she's abroad—a free-striding, breezy swing that makes people laugh. This walking smile just disappears the minute she comes home. "It baffles me," she explains, "it just happens to me. I suppose I mind not speaking to people." She is a word picture of the way the body takes over when words fail and of the fact that some legs have charm of manner.

(Continued on page 122)



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Lord and Lady Iliffe

(Continued from page 103)

an English passport, and acquired a lasting taste for the exotic.

She believes, and demonstrates, that having three houses can be less complicated than having one, for the way of life can be compartmented in each: Basildon for deep roots, land, Lord Iliffe's fine collection of paintings, her adored rose garden, and the space and setting for the traditional winter shoot and Ascot Week house party. The apartment in St. James's for London life and Lord Iliffe's many business involvements. (He is one of England's press lords, controlling a powerful group of Midland newspapers.) Roquebrune for sun, sea, quiet.

Lady Iliffe believes the mechanics of such living can be simple. A minimum staff can cope, as at Basildon, but only after ruthless reorganization. There must be no leftovers, no make-do with the old time-wasting ways. The Basildon kitchens were once housed in a wing, ponderous and remote, and all food had to cross the courtyard and then be carried upstairs, cooling horribly, to the dining room. Now, one of the splendid suites on the piano nobile, beside the dining room, has been boldly converted. Above the stainless-steel and up-to-the-minute machinery of labour saving, the elegant plasterwork ceilings look down in lofty grandeur.

Thus, a permanent staff of two can run Basildon, while a temporary staff is brought in when the house fills up with guests. Two gardeners maintain the huge park and gardens "Capability" Brown laid out. Lady Iliffe is the third, she said, intent on stocking up a rose garden with the rarest blooms, the old Rosa Mundi, Sarah Van Fleet, roses for their striped petals or their scent; the roses of Redouté's paintings. . . .

Basildon Park is a "Carr of York" house in the Anglo-Palladian style, small-scaled beside the palatial Harewood House, also by John Carr, yet grandiose in its conception. The noble proportions do not overshadow its essentially intimate, welcoming quality. It is, first of all,

a home—a much loved home.

It was built for Sir Francis Sykes in 1776. Sir Francis was one of the wealthy Indian nabobs, friend of Warren Hastings, and a patron of the arts. Two generations later, the then Lady Sykes, the beautiful Henrietta, was wooed, and probably won, by the young Disraeli, who was often at Basildon and apparently on the best of terms with Lady Sykes's husband, which occasioned much talk. . . .

The Iliffes acquired Basildon Park fourteen years ago when it stood ruined and forgotten on the estate owned by Lord Iliffe's father. The land was used for a syndicate shoot; the house rotted. Gradually, restored by love to life, it bloomed again. The Iliffes visited many other Carr houses (mostly found in the North), seeking to re-create the original conception, searching out fragments of other, demolished Carr features, visiting sale rooms, country auctions, unearthing forgotten treasures from farmhouses and barns, installing, here a door, here a niche, here gilding, here a column. At last, adorned with the brocades, embroideries, and carpets of its century, Basildon glowed with its former pride.

Houses, like people, flourish with understanding. Lady Iliffe has been at pains to search out the great brocaded curtains, massively fringed and tasselled, which suit the tall windows: Some came from country sales, one set from Blenheim; all of them have the patina only age can give. Nowhere is the brash impact of contemporary fabrics apparent.

Miraculously, the beautiful eight-sided carpet of the octagon room, so sumptuous in its crimson and russet tones, was unearthed at a sale room, and discovered to fit so perfectly one might believe it had been originally commanded for that very room. Lady Iliffe likes to think that, by some strange chance, the carpet has indeed come home.

Similarly, the Iliffes hope that maybe, one day, the Angelica Kauffmann panels which were originally on the drawing-room ceilings and were sold, long ago, to adorn the Basildon

(Continued on page 122)

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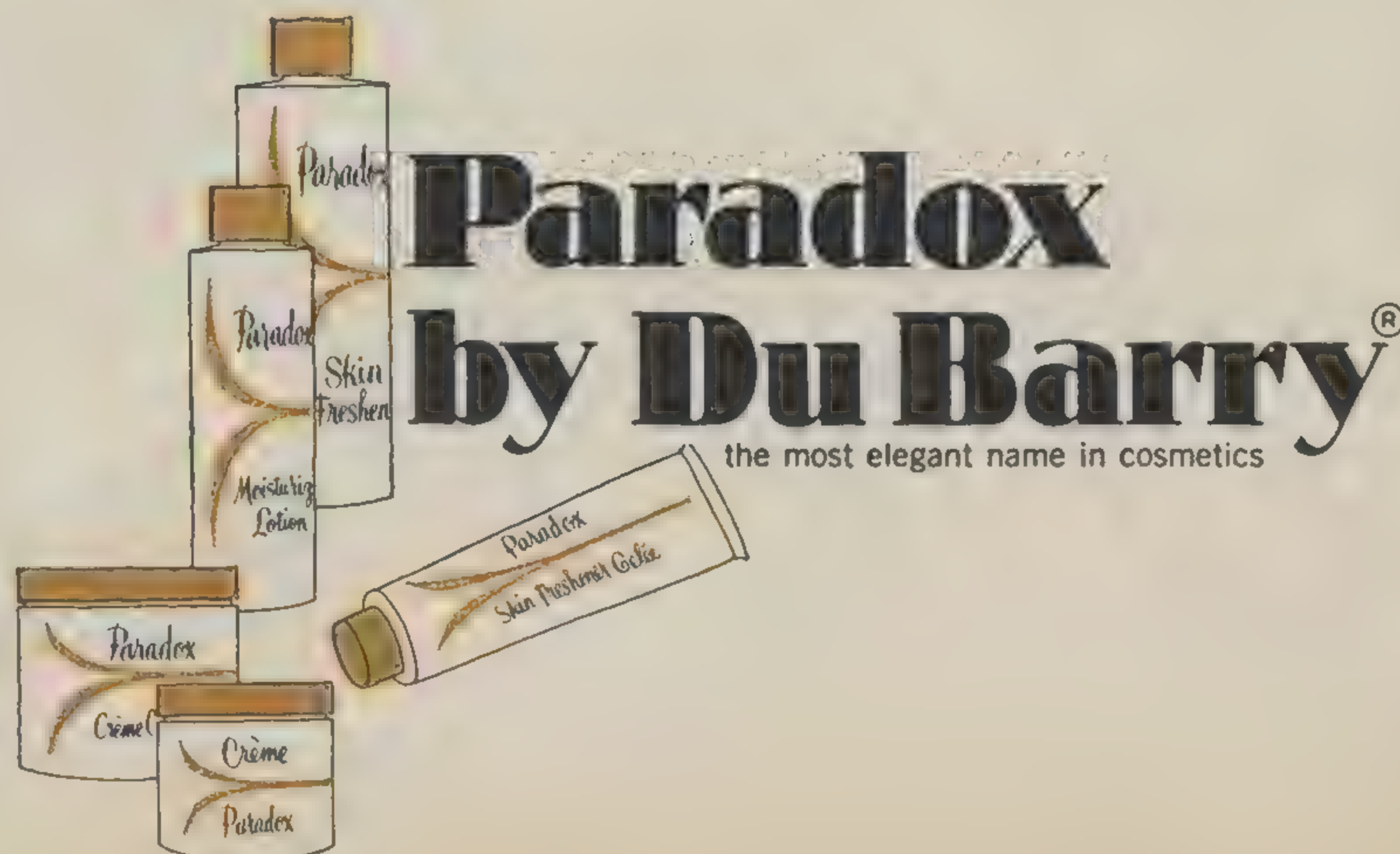
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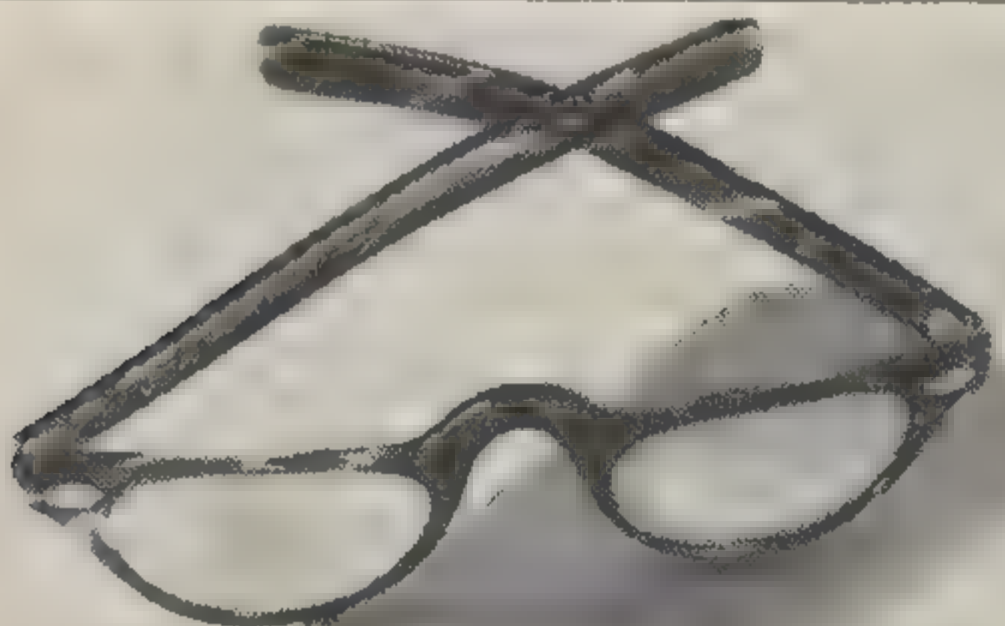
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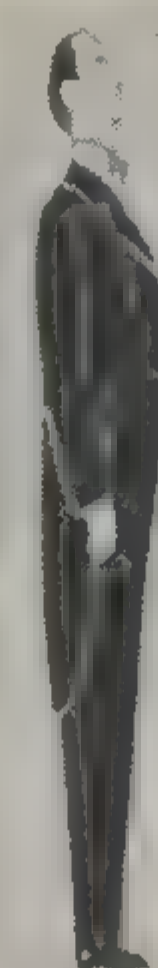
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58 Jobs Lane, Southampton, N. Y. Centre: Quilted Pullman Pouff,
Dacron-filled, in sprigged pastel fabrics, \$66, to order at Eleanor
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ing bag with matching Dacron-percale tie-in sheet, the cosy in-
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Single \$85, double \$125. Leron, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

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valet, dressmaker, or parties. 4' x 66", gold aluminum, \$50;
satin, \$40. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.

4. *The turned-on shower:* 24-k. gold-faced polished chrome shower
head dials any spray . . . from needle to mist at a twist. Country
Club, \$17.50, House of Wares, 884 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.

5. *To each his own:* Vinyl zebra-striped carryall totes a red beach
towel to pool or beach, blows up into a cushion. Carryall, \$2, with
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6. *Whisking brush:* G.E. electric clothes brush inhales lint with-
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7. *An omelette a minute:* Heavy, unbuffed cast aluminum French
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8. *Sterling silver cuspidor:* That's right. Filled with sand it's the
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SHOP HOUND

3. Drip-dry world

4. The turned-on shower

5. To each his own

7. An omelette a minute

8. Sterling silver cuspidor

10. Self-tending plants

6. Whisking brush

9. Electronic cook

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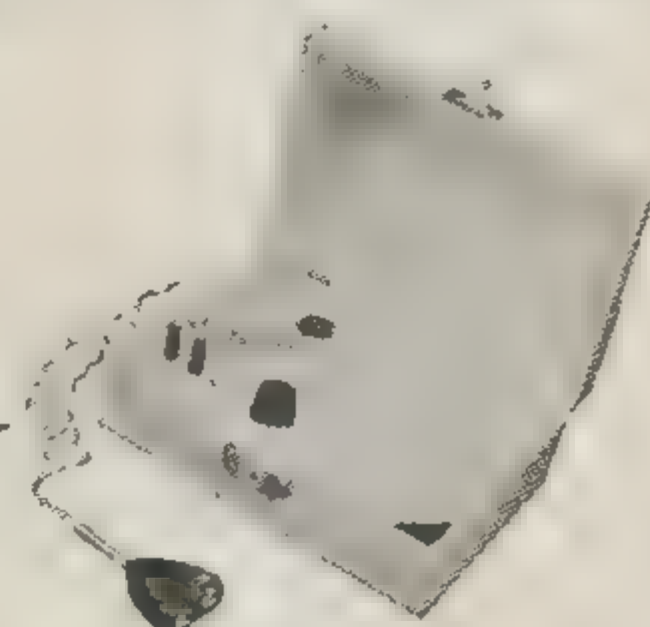
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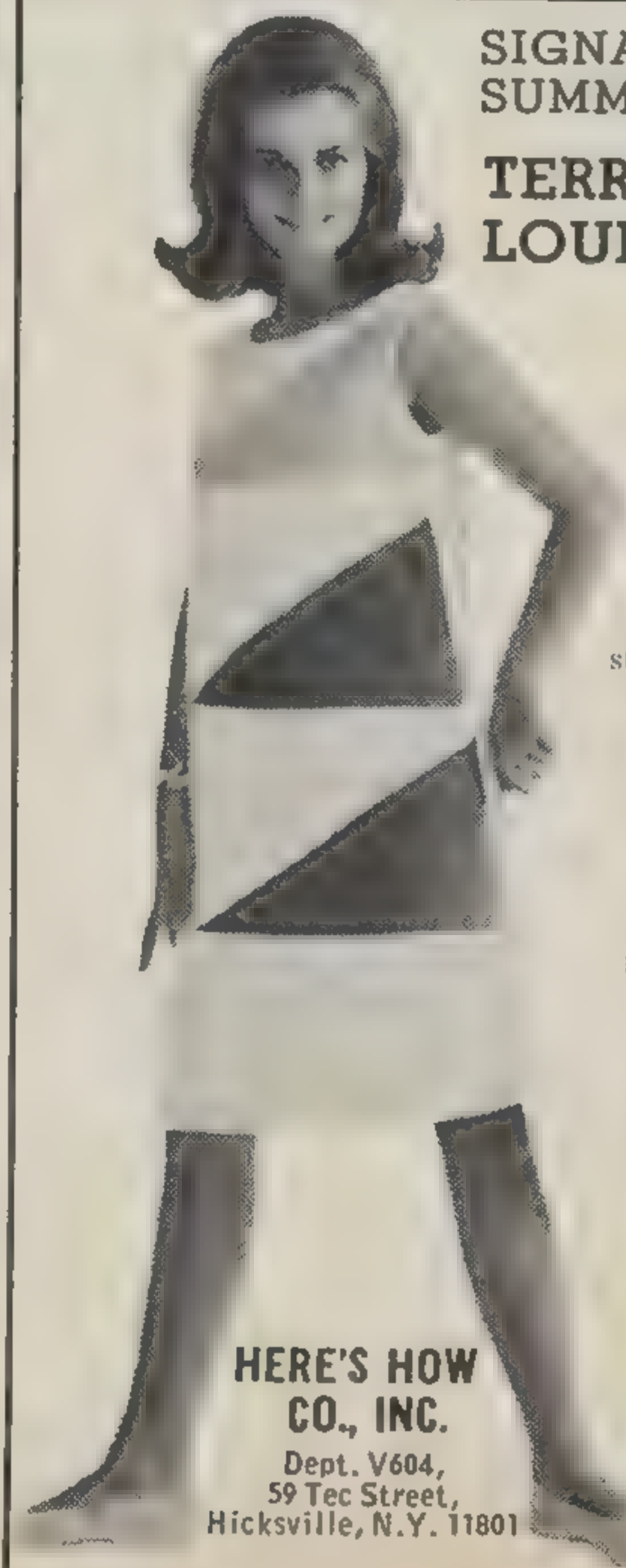
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Lord and Lady Iliffe

(Continued from page 119)

Room at the Waldorf-Astoria, will one day find their way back to Basildon, and grace again the long and lovely room where the delicate plasterwork and rosy pillars are always lit by candlelight—one of Lady Iliffe's most delightful concessions to the spirit of the house.

The London apartment is one of many in a steel-and-glass structure as up-to-date as tomorrow. But historic London is never far away. Adjoining, a roofscape of the classic pediment pillars and chimney pots of Spencer House; beyond, Marlborough House, St. James's Palace, and the residence of the Queen Mother.

The apartment is not large, but its windows are immense, overlooking the Green Park edged by Piccadilly and its traffic jams. There is no dining room; one end of the living room is hedged off by chunky pillars and a dividing wall topped by a line of impressive Chinese porcelain dragons, acquired, like so many other pieces of exotica, on a round-the-world journey. Lacquerwork, basketwork, rattan blinds in place of curtains—all there, and again, the airy muslins of Lady Iliffe's blue-hung bedroom sound the familiar tropic note, even here, in grey, grimy London. The cuisine too, is tropically flavoured. From a minuscule kitchen, the Mauritian manservant produces the delicate and strange dishes for which the Iliffes' London dinner parties are famous.

In the London apartment, the aerial feeling of light, of high skyscapes is emphasized by much blue—a deep-blue ceiling, a collection of blue-and-white porcelain, an abstract canvas, grey and blue, a gigantic Augustus John painting, "The Tinker's Wedding," containing much blue, which fills one entire wall.

It is typical of the Iliffes' very personal, bold sense of decoration that such a picture should hang here, out of scale for the space, yet perfectly placed, when convention would have hung it on the lofty walls of Basildon. In the same spirit, a huge wood jardinière, of curious shape, massed with gardenias or camellias, in the most formal setting of the octagonal room at Basildon, turns out to be an eighteenth-century Italian linen basket. The Iliffes' taste is very sure, very individual, a blend of freshness and harmony.

At Roquebrune, palms and the blue blue Mediterranean back cloth stress the tropic mood. La Tour is of almost doll-house proportions with few, terraced rooms, whitewashed and innocent, leading from and piled on top of each other like a Chinese puzzle. In each, the window, the seascape, is treated as its main decoration.

Simple furniture is occasionally punctuated by a piece of papier-mâché or gilt, or the unexpected hanging brass shelves, salvaged from a butcher's shop in England. No dining room and no guest rooms emphasize that this is a retreat. The Iliffes' former villa at Roquebrune, large and conventional, set in extensive grounds, was given up three years ago, and, with it, the overpowering social life and staff it entailed. "I found I was running a nonstop hotel and restaurant," said Lady Iliffe.

Now, local help is sought when needed, and no staff lives in. Lady Iliffe likes to cook; on the rare occasions when dinner for a few friends turns into an informal dinner party, she orders something regional from Les Lucioles, the excellent local bistro, and seats everyone at a series of trumped-up tables placed diagonally across the living room and overflowing into her bedroom (no means, otherwise), and presides gracefully, sitting on her muslin-hung bed.

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Leg Reading

(Continued from page 118)

Many people who catch the sullen fifteen-year-old face that belongs to the daughter of an international super-beauty might write it off as par-for-the-course Young Revolt. Unless the eye checks with her legs. They're far

too moody. Swollen to a point so out of line with the rest of her that they couldn't be the simple result of chocolate bars. These legs are *meant* to shock. They're a cry for help. If help *should* come, it will show in some visible way. Maybe not in the legs. But it's Checkpoint Charlie that has the story line now.



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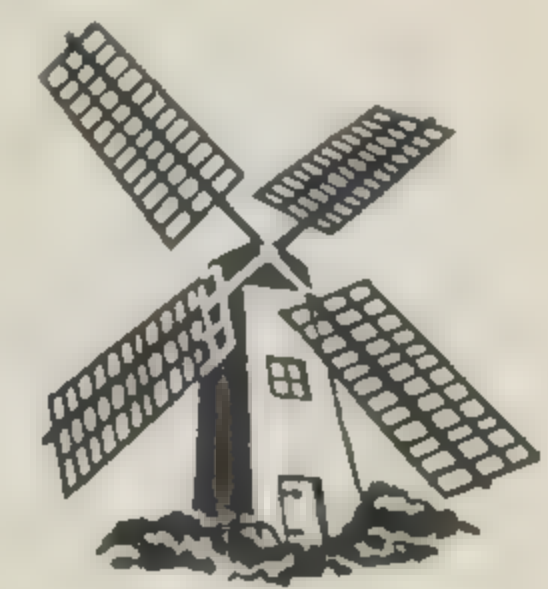
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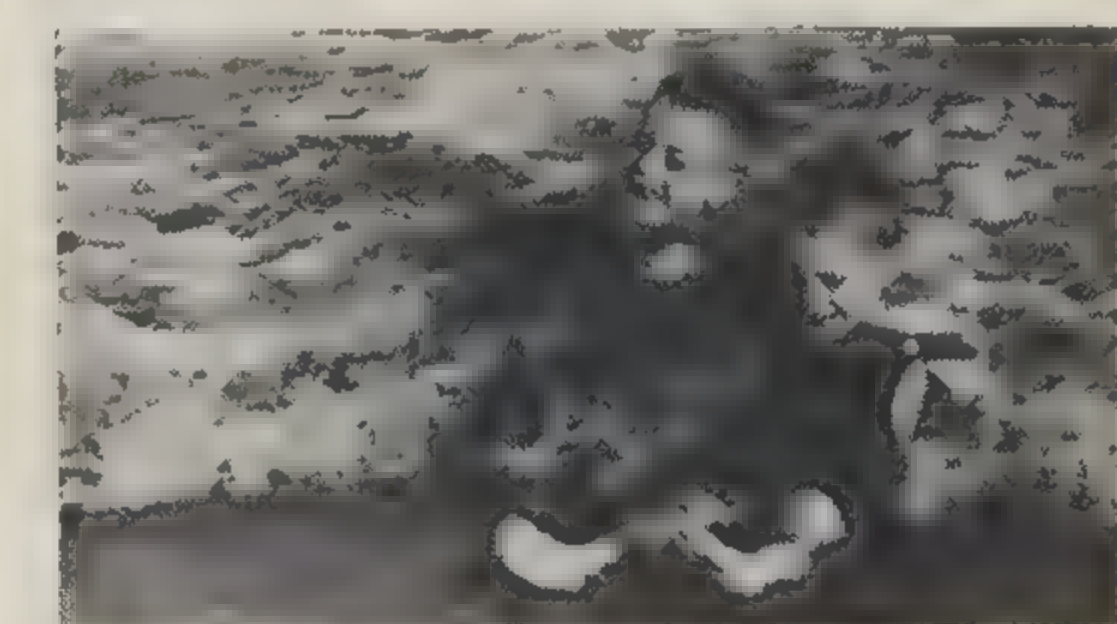


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According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

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(Advertisement)

Nakian

(Continued from page 64)



A monumental sculpture by Nakian—"Minerva," part of the series "The Judgment of Paris," 1964-66—now at The Museum of Modern Art. 8' high.

for their stance and movement, the rigid medium seems resistant to Nakian's temperament.

His true greatness emerges in his large, tragic compositions developed in plaster applied on burlap and wire mesh for casting in bronze. In these rough-surfaced works, full of hollows, holes, and torn edges, like caves or craters left by an explosion, the priapic imaginings of the drawings break down into fragments—a leg, a swell of torso—sad as a ruin. It is as if the artist's efforts to fix his vision in longer duration had caused the sensual idyll to harden and fall apart.

In masterpieces like "Olympia," "Maja," or the eight-foot "Voyage to Crete," the dash and swing of the terra-cottas are broken off, resumed, broken off again or (in "Hecuba" and "The Trojan Woman") transformed into a downward flow. The plaster-impregnated rags and ripped spaces convey the wreck of the sensual in a shudder of despair.

One of Nakian's early triumphs in this sculpture of tatters and decomposition, the magnificent "La Chambre à Coucher de l'Empereur" (1954), resembles a crustacean six feet long. Thinking of it, and of Nakian's current project, a monument to Hiroshima, I was reminded of J. Alfred Prufrock, another aging poet who celebrated nymphs "riding seaward on the waves," until, waking, he cried out:

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.



CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1961 VINTAGE, PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE, CUVÉE DES AMBASSADEURS, AND PIPER PINK. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Chaplin

(Continued from page 97)

quicker, and sometimes comically testy, just as the histrionics of Sophia Loren's abundant comic temperament have been converted into a very funny stoicism.

In her work before *A Countess from Hong Kong*, she made people laugh by Latin fluster; in the scenes that I saw, she does it by phlegm. "He has made me quite different," she says. "When I see rushes I don't recognize myself. There are hardly any gestures. He doesn't like me to use my hands much, especially near my face. We're trying to do everything as naturally as possible."

Directors and actors always say now that they are working for realism, of course; it is one of the modern pieties of the profession, but in Chaplin's case it is precisely true. Again and again when he is directing a scene, he will cut out some gesture or response that reveals itself the moment it has gone as a hamstrung comic mannerism. His laughs in this picture nearly always come from doing apparently as little as possible very fast. "Lots of lift, lots of tempo," he says often. The takes that he decides to print are always the ones with the most dash and lightness; sometimes, when he is talking under pressure, he makes a bouncing movement upwards with his hand as though he were keeping a ball in the air.

"It wants a beat," he says to Tippi Hedren, after she has been working on a scene where she enters with the identifiably outsize bra that she has discovered in her husband's cabin. "This is

all a great comedy to you. No malice. You haven't lived with your husband for two years. You come in with great gusto. You're kidding him." Through the next take he looks worried. "There was no tempo." He gets up from his chair by the camera, wrinkles his nose and prances through the moves himself, saying "so-so-so," like a groom sedating a horse. "So-so-so *Your Excellency*," he says, pivoting on the words. "You're mocking him. You're glib. That's it. Can we come in with a bigger spread? One—two—" he gives her the time, and catches his breath on the upbeat as she enters. "Can we keep that lovely movement?"

In a previous take she had turned on one of her lines and practically flowed onto a sofa; he does it himself to fix the move in his mind, looking comically grand in an imaginary tea gown, and makes sure that the camera movement fits it.

For Chaplin, the placing of a camera articulates a scene. On the whole he doesn't seem to like camera movement very much. ("The actors should be the performers, not the lens.") He doesn't care for trick angles and he hates the laziness of cryptically significant shots that show nothing but door-opening. "Orientation" is an important idea to him. He believes that an audience must always know where it is in a room, and that actors must know exactly where to stop, where to turn, where to stand, whether to talk directly or indirectly.

I had expected his physical business to be graphic and hilarious, but I hadn't been quite prepared for the precision of his sense of words. To talk about

Chaplin's mime is rather like praising the height of Everest; it is his pin-fall ear for dialogue that is technically so absorbing to anyone fortunate enough to see him working. "There's something woolly in that word, Sophia," he says; the fuzz is there, an emphasis that is faintly implausible and faltering, but a lot of good directors would have let it go. "Most films are just in and out," said the chippie (the film carpenter). "Not this one. He's definitely got something on his mind."

When he is coming back from the lunch break or inspecting the sets in the early morning, he carries his script against his chest like a buckler. Like Keaton, he stands and walks with the arched back of a small boy, perhaps because of the ferocious physical training that both of them had as tiny children in vaudeville.

"He's a perfectionist," said the director of photography, Arthur Ibbetson. "Every little thing. You should have seen him showing Sophia how to read a book. Slowly coming to and realizing he's forgotten the paragraph he's just read, and turning backwards and forwards. When he did his own bit it was rather a day." (Chaplin appears in the film in a tiny part as a steward who gets seasick.) "All he really did was sweep the deck with his head down. Other people would have made a production out of it." Ibbetson does a mime of someone milking laughs. "There's one passenger asleep on the whole deck, and when he's finished, he sweeps the muck very neatly behind that passenger's feet. That's all he does, see?"

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 92-93; other views, yardages, details)



Far left: Short asymmetric float—we used piece for shoulder bow to make the turtleneck. Vogue Pattern 6733; "Easy to Make." Sizes Small (10-12), Medium (14-16), Large (18-20). Medium requires 3 yards of 40" fabric without nap. \$1. Canada, \$1.10. *Near left:* Long pinked-up silver cloqué dress. Vogue Pattern 6928; "Easy to Make." Sizes same as above. Medium requires 4 1/8 yards of 40" fabric without nap. \$1. In Canada, \$1.10.

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